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**J** OHN H. TWACHTMAN  
BY CAROLYN C. MASE

THERE died in Gloucester, Mass., in the summer of 1902, one of the greatest painters that America has ever produced—in truth, one of the great painters of all time—John H. Twachtman. He was classed among the Impressionists, but in reality he was independent of any school. He painted far ahead of his time, so far that the general public was vastly ignorant of his greatness, the dealers did not know Art well enough to buy, and only a few painters themselves as well as critics can say, "I saw him, knew him, and named a star."

To this day, years since his death, much of that ignorance continues. As yet, no one has attempted to give the world any adequate conception of his wonderful genius, his charm of personality, and his honesty and devotion to his work.

True, at the time of his death, some of the painters,—of distinction themselves,—did write an appreciation, published at the time in the *North American Review*. These men were Blashfield, Simmons, Reid, Hassam and Weir; and they one and all placed him in the front rank of painters. Also at that time, Charles H. Caffin, the well-known Art critic, pronounced him "the most spiritual painter that America has ever produced."

In a spirit of curiosity one day I turned the leaves of the *Encyclopedia Britannica*, edition

of 1911, and failed to find even the name of Twachtman. Whistler was there, and other American painters, who had died later, but no mention of him. And then I was impelled to go to the book shelves, and take down a History of American Painting, in two volumes, and there I did find mention of him. It read in this wise: "John H. Twachtman, A Munich painter. Born in Cincinnati." An epithet awful enough to make Mr. Twachtman turn in his grave.

At a sort of indignation meeting held just before we went into the late war, Childe Hassam who was one of the speakers declared that some one should write a book on "Johnny Twachtman." He should have such an appreciation, we all agreed, with a reproduction of his works. Whistler had had it, and Cézanne has two fine books, but for all these years no life of Twachtman has been given to the American public. "I wonder why it is?" said one of the indignant ones, and again Mr. Hassam spoke up and said: "Twachtman himself answered that question when he spoke before the Art Institute in Chicago. He said, 'You are studying Art here now, and some day some of you will become painters, and a few of you will do distinguished work, and then the American public will turn you down for second and third rate foreign painters.'"

This, unfortunately, has been true of the American attitude towards the best American art, with an exception or two. Let us hope now, since New York has become the clearing house for Art, that America will at last take



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the French attitude towards Art and that of her own painters, and give them at least an equal show with the mediocrity flooding our country from other lands.

During the last winter of Mr. Twachtman's life, while his family were stopping in France, he came to his old artistic haunt, the Holley House, Cos Cob, Conn. It was my privilege to be there also, that winter, with two or three other painters, who, knowing the artistic qualities of the surroundings, were also there for painting purposes. I had studied with Mr. Twachtman and was a friend of himself and family, but during that winter I had a new insight into his absolute honesty towards Art, his devotion to his ideals, his love for Nature, and the wide grasp of his knowledge.

Three pictures—word pictures—will tell you better than in any other way how he was never far away from his obsession for his work.

The first picture was that of one beautiful, snowy morning. He came into the breakfast room of the Holley House with a rush, a vigour, bringing with him a sense of good fellowship with the world. He had on a white sweater which he much affected. "Hurry," he said to the maid, "and bring me—well, a half dozen eggs, a rasher or two of bacon, several cups of coffee, and a dozen or so cakes. I am hungry!" And as the smiling but puzzled maid went out to fill his order, he sauntered towards the window, and stood silent there for a few moments. Turning he said, "But Nature is fine this morning!" and went out of the room. The maid brought in his breakfast and set it down. It grew cold, and somebody went to find Mr. Twachtman. They found him standing outside in the snow, painting like mad, utterly forgetful of the breakfast, ordered but never eaten. He was not making a "human camera" of himself, as the Moderns accuse the Impressionists of doing, but he was painting under the stress of the emotion produced by the sight of his beautiful Mother Nature that morning, and the result was one of the wonderful snow canvases for which he is now so justly famous. An overpowering emotion acting on the temperament of a genius.

The second picture—In the afternoon, when it was quite a daily occurrence for the painters to walk over the hills about that part of

the country, "Johnny" would swing along, his eyes eagerly worming the hidden beauty out of the landscape—his thoughts never off "Nature." Even in the midst of some of his most fanciful sayings, or interrupting a joke, or breaking into a witticism, he would stop and point out some beauty of line, some harmony of colour which had escaped the others. He and Nature understood each other. He was always speaking of the aristocratic moods of Nature, when she was high above the comprehension of the masses. He might have been a Prince of the Royal House of Nature, he so hated a bourgeois conception and handling of her beauty.

And the third picture—In the evening, when everybody ventured at least one art opinion, Mr. Twachtman would sit near the wood fire, his head thrown against a chair back, and a fresh canvas—the result of the day's work, or a part of it—placed across the room where he could look at it. After a long time of thought, he would sometimes say, "Give me a criticism, say something nice about that!" and if in a spirit of mischief, or perhaps earnestly, we did as he requested, he always took it in a spirit of humility that astonished. Then the talk would always drift to Art, for he was bubbling over with it, and he dominated the conversation, as great men do. He could no more help talking of Art—I do not mean shop talk—than he could help talking, and he was rarely silent when with people—appreciative people. And he would touch on literature more than occasionally. He loved poetry, and Heine was easily his favourite. Music, too, was a passion with him. I remember well one evening he asked me to play a part of a symphony. I promptly refused. He urged it, and finally threw out a bait. "If you will play that symphony, I will write you a letter on art." Of course I began to play, and during the performance I could watch him scribbling away while he listened. When I finished I said, "My part of the bargain is finished, now about yours." He handed me a sheet of paper, on which was written among other things, "The world has given us three beautiful things—a beautiful child, a beautiful woman, and a beautiful landscape; but on second thought, I would reverse that—a beautiful landscape



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comes first." I read the letter aloud, amid exclamations of pleasure from the rest of the household. He seemed rather abashed at its reception. "Give it back," he said. "No, indeed, I worked hard for this—it is mine." At last he begged to have it back to correct it, and with ridiculous confidence, I handed it over to him. It went instantly into his pocket, and no entreaty could make him give it up. He flaunted it too in our faces every day. He had only promised to "write it," he said.

He talked often that winter of Velasquez—of his mastery of planes, of his colour. He seemed more impressed with Velasquez than with any other of the old Masters.

How he painted that winter—with what vigour! It was as if some unseen prompter stood beside him and whispered, "Do your best, for this is your last winter." And in the Spring, when the lilac buds came—"Another spring, with its tender lilac buds will never come again." And at least one of those spring canvases showed the touch of the unseen hand on his, hastening him on, it was so wonderful an impression—a single impression, no time for details. Done before the emotion of sadness which had produced it gave place to gladness and joy of spring.

John Twachtman was born in Cincinnati. His parents were Germans, coming from Hanover. And they came here to be free of the German curse—tyranny. They were farmers of some importance, small landed proprietors. His mother, so Mr. Twachtman told me, was a woman of great shrewdness, of remarkable intelligence; and he was said to be distinctly more like her, than like his Father. How he came to paint, he told us himself in one of those Twachtmanesque, picturesque talks one evening at the Holley House. It was his father who first put the idea in his head. He, the father, worked in a window shade factory, where were made the old fashioned window shades with centre pieces of fruit, flowers, or landscapes. And he set his son studies to paint during the noon day rest.

When John Twachtman went to work for himself, he always carried his entire weekly wages home to his mother, which she thriftily put away, and which money, later on, carried

him to Europe, and supplied him with necessities during his Munich days.

He persisted in studying Art, and give up everything in order to do this, studying in the night school at the Mechanics Institute, and later at the Cincinnati School of Design. He there came under the influence of Mr. Duveneck, and studied with him, and it was Duveneck who persuaded the family to allow him to go to Munich—the then Mecca of American artists—to study.

He went over with Mr. Duveneck, studied two years in Munich, and a third year in Venice. Once I recollect his showing me a brownish-black water colour, reeking with all the colours that Nature does not show. "That," he said with a chuckle, "is sunny Venice, done under the influence of the Munich School."

He came home, married, and went again to Europe. He worked very hard at the Julian school, under Boulanger and LeFevre, when the Julian was at its height. LeFevre used to invite his most promising pupils to his private studio on Sunday mornings to talk painting, and to see any of their work done outside the school. It was a stimulus and a pleasure to him to receive this recognition of his work, done on his own initiative.

The third time that he was in Europe he came directly under the influence of the French Impressionists. And this time when he returned he had a splendid lot of canvases to bring home with him, but alas! The ship went down.

Times were discouraging. American Art—as he understood it—was little appreciated, and Mrs. Twachtman's father, a physician and a writer, suggested that if Art were no good, perhaps raising cows might go. They began raising cows on some place in which he had an interest. At that time, out of a clear sky, Mr. Twachtman had an offer to paint on one of those cycloramas which were much in vogue at the time. It required a good deal of knowledge, and paid remarkably well, and strange to say, I have heard that both he and Mr. Arthur Davies painted on the same cyclorama. The makeshifts of our great men for their bread and butter are amusing—to all but themselves!



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Finally he brought up as an instructor in the Art League—and truly no instructor was ever more popular. Twachtman's pupils, almost to a unit scattered over the world, always think and speak of him with absolute Art reverence and devotion. There was a personal charm in the man, as great as there was in Whistler. He was not a master of repartee, as was With the eternal boy in him was some of the great. In his everyday life he was surrounded with as much light and atmosphere as were his own pictures. He was a keen observer of people—knew their foibles, their idiosyncracies. With the eternal boy in him, was some of the mischief of the boy. He loved to stir up the fads of people, and one day, on his way to the dining room at the Holley House, and knowing well the people, he said, "You say so-and-so, and I will say so-and-so, and in two minutes we will have a row on." And in two minutes they did have a row on.

He had a fine sense of humour. Only once can I recollect that it failed him, even in connection with himself. In the nineties, before I studied Art, I had seen a beautiful snow picture by him called *The Brook in Midwinter*. A most impressionistic thing, in the days when Impressionism was stirring up much wrath and comment. One could only feel the brook under the snow, and only the people who never looked beneath the surface could fail to see in the picture the fact that the first sun would bring it into full showing. A young woman came into the gallery, towing evidently an unwilling brother. She enthused—he balked. He also refused to admire. At last, after some talk on her part, he took up the catalogue and read, "*Brook in Midwinter*, John H. Twachtman, \$500."

"Produce that brook," he said to his sister, "and I will pay you five hundred." I thought it as funny as anything I ever overheard, and at the first opportunity I told Mr. Twachtman. He was thoughtful for a long time, and then he said, "It only teaches one that he should be careful in naming his pictures."

But he compensated for this in the story of his visit to Chicago, to speak before the Art Institute, when both he and Anders Zorn had an exhibition on. Zorn was sweeping over the country like tight skirts, or spats, or any

other fashion. He was the man of the hour there. "Have you seen the Zorns?" Mr. Twachtman was asked times without number. "You *must* see the Zorns, greatest exhibition ever in Chicago! Fine show. Everybody should see it, and you, being a painter"—suddenly recognizing that he might be saying something not quite tactful—"would be much interested." At last Mr. Twachtman intimated that he, too, had an exhibition there. "Have you seen it?" he demanded of his host, who, after backing for a time, declared that he had had no time. "But the Zorns!" Mr. Twachtman told it with great zest.

He was inconsistent in details, but consistent about big things. For instance, for months he harangued against the elm trees, and then he discovered that they were the most beautiful of trees. He was swayed by his moods, his emotions. One day a thing appealed to him, the next day it bored him. One day his talk was spiritual—you looked for the halo. The next day you laughed at yourself for the feeling. But the steady strong convictions which were his towards his work never varied—never even by a hair's breadth.

During those years when he was teaching at the League he was also turning out wonderful canvases. Many of them were done at his beautiful home near Greenwich, Conn. He had a very decided conviction that you painted best where you knew Nature's moods, and most loved her. And though he painted some fine canvases at Gloucester, three or so of Niagara, a few of the Grand Canyon, some wonderful things at Cos Cob, Conn.,—still, perhaps, his very best were done about his own place and brook. One of these, now, I think, in the collection of Mr. Gellatly—*The Hemlock Pool*—he himself thought one of his best. Perhaps the reader may have seen it in the International Exhibition of 1913, where it shone like a great planet.

And one which I saw at the Montross Gallery with Mrs. Twachtman a few years back—in 1915, I think—was one of the most beautiful of his canvases, a snow canvas, the luxuriance, the radiance of which it is not possible to describe. This was done at his own place, at his own brook, and his son, Alden Weir Twachtman, a painter himself, told me that



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his father said he "sweat blood" over that canvas. It took it out of him—and out of his genius, that wonder-world canvas of snow!

But John Twachtman was not alone a landscape painter. To quote Mr. Hassam again—and there is no better judge—the figure picture of the Mother and Child, which was purchased in San Francisco, would alone place him among the master figure painters.

And when one comes to his pastels, one holds one's breath for fear of breathing them away. So tender—so exquisite—so spiritual in their handling!

Though the American public, as a mass, has not recognized Twachtman's greatness, some of the museums are just beginning to give him the place he deserves—pre-eminently Cincinnati. Washington has several pictures. Boston has one, or had not long ago. I heard one very big painter say that it was the finest landscape in the Boston Museum. Yale has a fine one—Worcester another, and the great Metropolitan one—and only one, and that one the gift of Mr. Hearn, and until lately skied.

Nature spoke to Twachtman as she has spoken to but few from the beginning. He

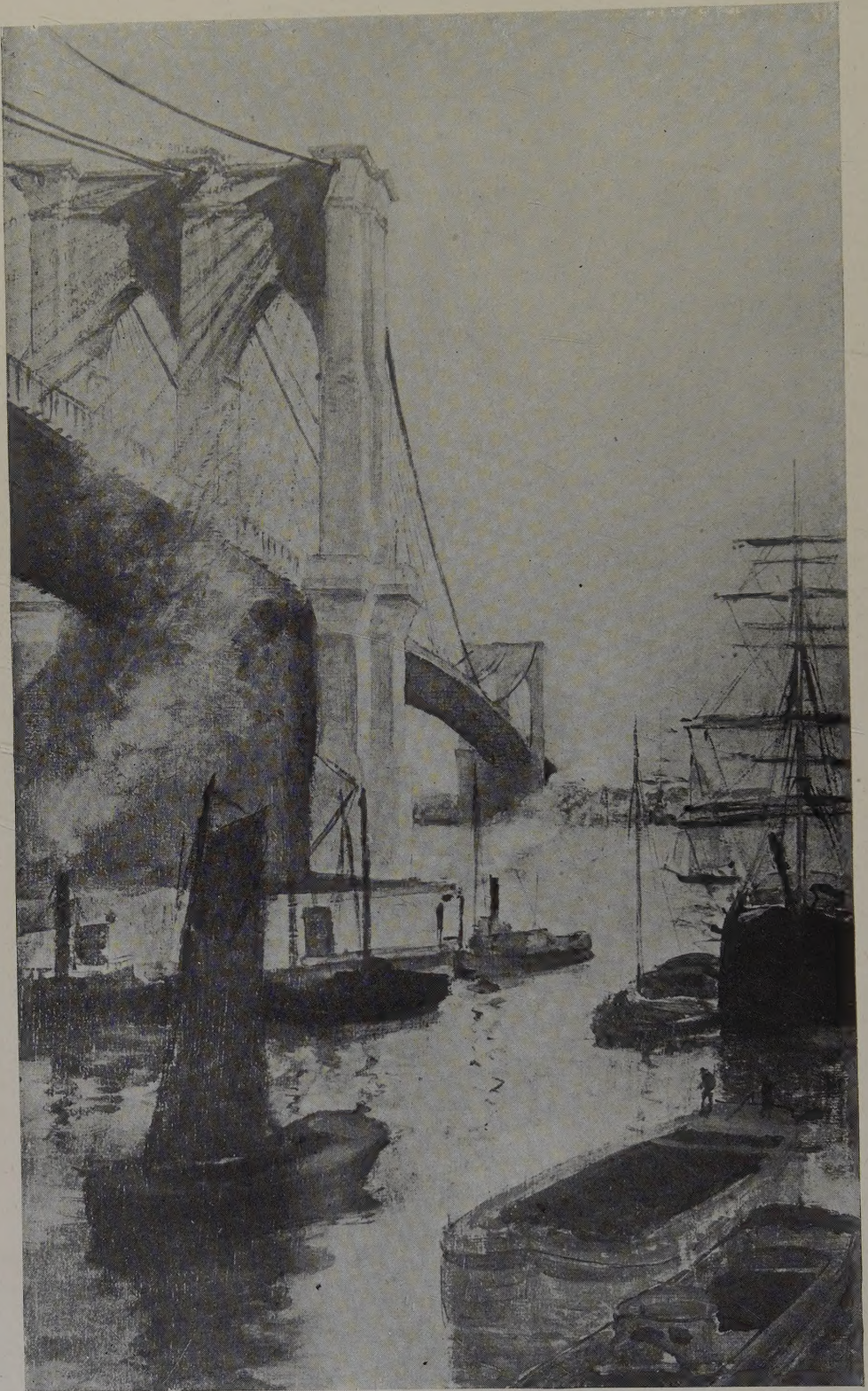
won her confidence, and she told him her innermost secrets. He never told them, never could tell them in words—only through his works. It was a spiritual communion. He must have realized this, and yet the fact that he was never appreciated failed to make him jealous of others. He was always helpful, glad of their success if they deserved it, and at the last of his life his opinion on Art became the final word to many.

And during those last years when he was painting canvas on canvas, which those who saw knew were destined for everlasting fame—but which he could not persuade the American public to buy—only once during all this time did I ever hear him utter words of complete discouragement. It was the year before he died. He said, "Do you know that I have exhibited eighty-five pictures this year, and have not sold one?"

In speaking of this to Mrs. Twachtman one day, she said, "It was not all discouragement. Only the last letter Mr. Twachtman wrote me before his death held these words, 'I feel encouraged—Like Heine (his beloved Heine) I see the laurel climbing to my window!'"





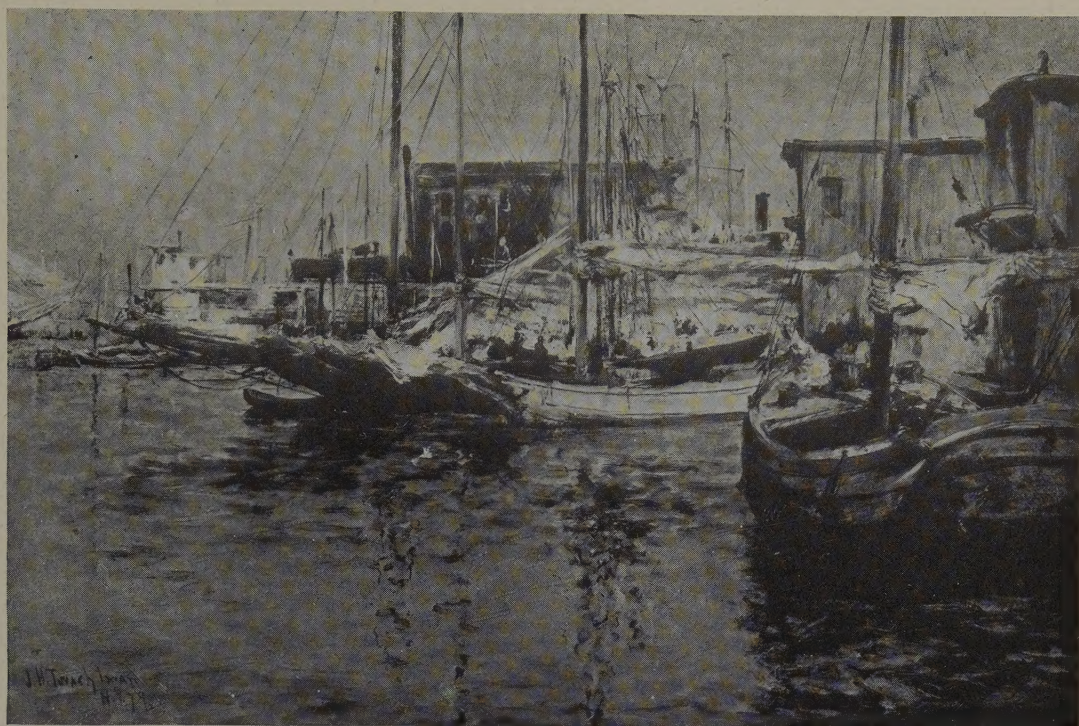


BROOKLYN BRIDGE

J. H. TWACHTMAN



## *The Art of John Twachtman*



GLOUCESTER HARBOUR

J. H. TWACHTMAN

### THE ART OF JOHN TWACHTMAN BY ELLIOT CLARK

THE painting of John Twachtman may be classified in three periods, in each of which we observe a radically different style. One does not grow out of the other; it is rather the reaction from the other. But each manner is thoroughly consistent within itself, and is imbued with the direct impulse, intention and intensity of the painter. We never feel at any time with Twachtman that uncertainty or confusion of purpose and that technical solecism which is its result.

The early work is dominated by the Munich influence. The contrast of light and dark is exaggerated, the colour is subdued, in variations of browns and black, the paint is applied heavily and with an unctuous fatty quality due to a free use of varnish. But the brushwork is always vigorous, impulsive, spontaneous, direct. The subject matter includes many

studies made abroad in '76-78 in Southern Germany and Italy. Some of the happiest results are of harbours and shipping, subjects in which there is no extended perspective, wherein the objects lend themselves to direct treatment. It is to be noted even at this early time that Twachtman's pictures are derived from direct experience. There is never an endeavour to make his subject poetically picturesque, or to embellish through added details and associations, the particular aspect of a place. His pictures always have, therefore, local character. Twachtman had a very happy faculty of arrangement without seeming or studied effort, the effect of which was to heighten and strengthen the salient characteristics of the subject, and to give it a significance singular to itself. The pictures of this period are mostly small in size and intimate in conception. The spectator shares with the painter the exhilaration of the moment, the feeling that each motive is a new discovery. Thus in his little picture of Brooklyn Bridge



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Twachtman has revealed the pictorial possibilities of modern mechanical construction, and a theme which might so temptingly have been used to parade the great engineering achievement of the New World and display with pride its imposing grandeur, Twachtman treats casually, with a sense of familiarity and with a discerning understanding of its æsthetic possibilities. Nevertheless it is vividly graphic and descriptive. Likewise in his harbour picture dated "N. Y. '79" the painter surprises his subject unaware, so to speak, and has through his manner of arrangement and method of treatment expressed most vividly the significant elements of the subject. He has very happily contrived forms which are æsthetically interesting and stimulating and at the same time are made to express most intensely the purely graphic and descriptive elements of the subject. We note that each subject is given its particular pictorial interpretation and is not made to fit into an accepted convention or a prearranged scheme. Thus we may note the varied compositional themes in *Nutting*, with its splendid decorative and descriptive silhouette, *Italian Landscape* dated Venice '78, *Coney Island* with its unusually effective spacing, and many other examples which show the active observation and keen descriptive insight of the painter.

The second period we may associate with France and Holland where Twachtman painted in the early eighties, and the later echoes of this foreign experience. In contrast to the Munich influence of unctuous impasto and powerful brushing, the work of this period is characterized by delicate technique, a close study of relative values, simplification of forms and a cool gray palette. The canvas is a fine French linen, the pigment is applied thinly, but with technical directness and sure but sympathetic touch. Many of the motives introduce water, showing scenes along the Seine, or the waterways of Holland. There is seldom an attempt at sunlight, so that the gray hues of the clouded sky and its reflections dominate the colour scheme. The effect therefore depends upon carefully considered value relations, in variations of neutral greens and browns. The first plane is often in the immediate foreground, and we observe the facile

and sympathetic treatment of field flowers, grasses, and foreground forms, which later were rendered so exquisitely in pastel. Twachtman seems to have been instinctively sensitive to the æsthetic tendencies of his time and receptive to its achievements and aspirations. We therefore remark the influence of Whistler and the echoes of the æsthetic theories of that time. This is particularly evinced in the treatment of flat planes rather than gradated sequences, and a tendency toward the decorative through nicely considered spacing and the arrangement of light and dark areas. The composition is however restricted to very simple themes, most of which depend upon the nice placing of the horizon within the chosen proportion of the canvas, the spotting of a group of trees in the middle ground effectively breaking the horizon, or the simple line of river bank leading into the picture. *The Windmills* is an excellent illustration of this pictorial theme, wherein we find a very exact adjustment of the relative positions of masses and the division of areas. It is one of the painter's largest canvases and although it is executed with technical mastery, it is perhaps a little ineffective and insufficient in filling such large areas. And this suggests that Twachtman's art is always intimate, sensitive and elusive rather than robust and powerful. But it is a part of his artistic distinction that he respected given limitations and worked within them. If in the pictures of this period we do not find fullness of form or colour and their accompanying volume and weight, we may rightly say that in his elimination he has intensified and magnified the simple æsthetic charm which he wished to express.

It is difficult to trace the transitional steps from the pictures of which we have been speaking to the later work of Twachtman and his ultimate development. If, however, the theme and presentation completely change we remark two characteristics of a fundamental nature which are common to all his work, however different its outward manifestation. His artistic impulse is derived from direct experience; his compositional theme and the method and manner of expressing it are evolved from his visual and resulting emotional impression. The outward effect how-



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VENICE

J. H. TWACHTMAN

ever indicates an entirely new and different expression. Defined in the terms of the means the later pictures are considerably higher in key, cooler, fuller and more exhilarating in colour, launching into new problems of light and atmosphere, and discovering new modes of design and composition. It is by this later work, covering a period of not more than ten or twelve years, that Twachtman is most generally known and which represents his mature and most personal expression.

The period of the nineties in America was quickened by an intense artistic impulse. The pictures of the Impressionists whose work had been proclaimed abroad had revolutionized the visual world, and our young American painters who had studied in France returned with enthusiasm and youthful exhilaration. But fortunately they did not return merely

with a formula. The great lesson which they learned was to appreciate and portray their environment. The romance of nature was not to be found only in distant places and remote countries, but to the perceptive vision and the sensitive soul was reflected in the immediate surroundings. Whistler had shown that the pictorial possibilities of a place depend upon its susceptibility of arrangement, and not upon its scenic value or associative background. Monet, less sensitive to the niceties of decorative adjustment but infatuated with the glory of sunlight and the great outdoors, transcribed with sensuous exuberance the ever-changing picture of the world of light and colour. These two universal influences expressed in the æsthetic beauty of design and the palpitating effects of light combined to awaken a new interest in local surroundings.



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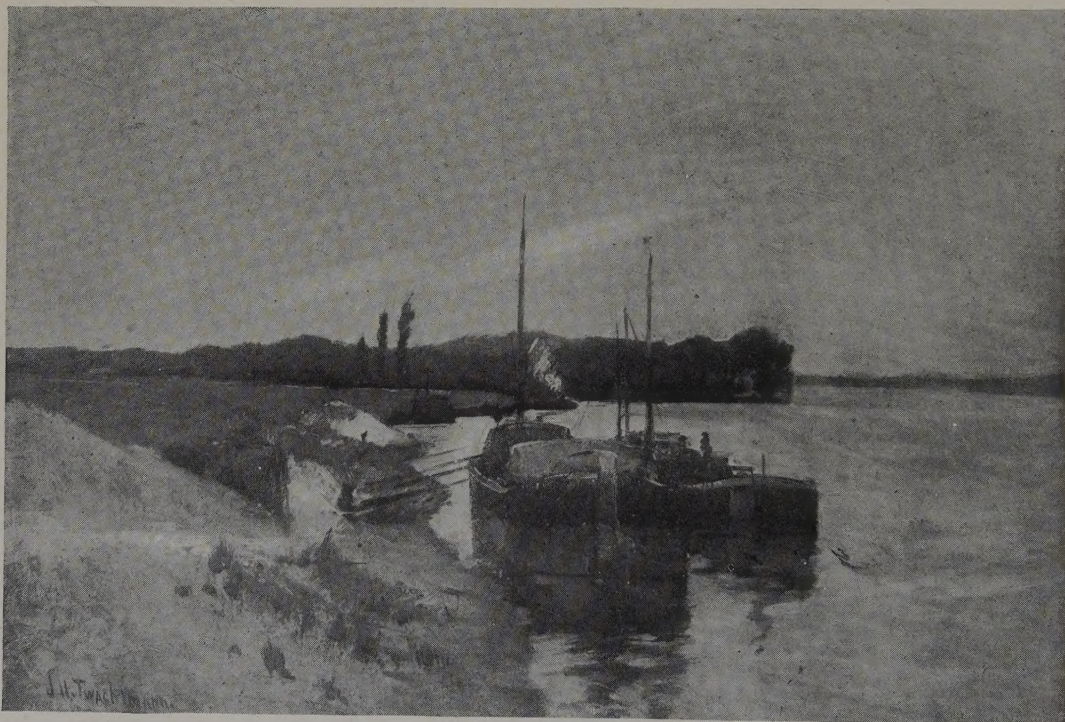
Instinctively sensitive to his environment, susceptible to the quickened tendencies of the artistic "*milieu*," and animated by the exhilaration of living, Twachtman intuitively expressed in his painting the newly discovered beauty of the outer world reflected by means of the eye on the inner soul. Not a lover of nature, or a naturalist, either in the truly pantheistic, scientific or religious sense; not a poet in the romantic or traditional sense, Twachtman was purely hedonistic in spirit, a highly sensitized medium on whom the outward world acted and conveyed through the sensuous susceptibility the mystical meaning of manifestation expressed in form and colour.

Twachtman did not perfect a manner or a style. His pictures have not a sense of perfectness, the inevitable conclusion of an idea carried out in definite, conscious and carefully calculated terms. Each picture seems an individual expression, and to a certain extent an experiment, a venturing into new realms of consciousness and appreciation. He always retained something of the play spirit. But it

is precisely this æsthetic exhilaration, this quickened spirit, that the painter has so successfully imparted to the spectator. Careless of himself in so many things, not building up with calculated purpose or for material rewards, Twachtman had an unimpeachable artistic integrity. He never sacrificed this purity of purpose to popular applause. This was not the result of a profound purpose or a moral intention. Much better than this often affected nobility, it was simply natural.

The subject matter of Twachtman's pictures is varied, but we may in a general way group them as the Harbour subjects of Gloucester, where he worked in the last few years of his life; the series painted in Yellowstone Park and Niagara Falls; and the pictures of Connecticut about his home at Cos Cob.

Harbours and shipping seem always to have held a vague fascination for the painter who enjoyed the pictorial suggestiveness of houses, wharves, water, and their infinite possibilities for artistic arrangement. The hills at East Gloucester, looking down on the harbour, like-



CANAL BOATS

J. H. TWACHTMAN



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WINDMILLS

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wise give the painter splendid themes for spotting, spacing and that variety of form which is so necessary to design. Many of the little sketches of this period are wonderfully suggestive and show a splendid sense of linear invention. But in some of the canvases we feel the lack of sustained effort, the consistent building up of pictorial purpose, and a too great reliance upon the mood of the moment. In consequence the result is uneven, the brush at times is too uncontrolled, evading the form too freely. In experimenting with the unity of form and colour and their effective relations, the painter has neglected their content and significance otherwise. In consequence there is little differentiation in substances and surfaces, that relation which exists between the solid and the soft, the resisting and non-resisting, and in short those distinctions which are based upon the relativity of things and their impression upon the human mind apart from the visual illusion.

The pictures of the Yellowstone have little scenic or illustrative value. Twachtman was evidently unimpressed by the grandeur and sublimity of nature or perhaps thought it outside of the limitations of pictorial representation. We sense the fact, too, that he is happier within the human habitat where the presence of man, if not indicated, is always suggested. He failed to humanize the Yellowstone, or to bring to it that human emotion which might do so, but he brought back some splendid bits of colour from its jewelled pools and radiant waterfalls. His intimate placing of forms, and his endeavour to see things in a new way is, however, not so happy in the presence of great constructive forces, where nature has built on the grand scale and has patterned everything relative to stress and strain. Twachtman was not impressed by that elemental power nor did he attempt to express it. He is more purely sensuous in his perception.



## *The Art of John Twachtman*



THE WATERFALL

J. H. TWACHTMAN

The pictures of Niagara are happier. Here the terrible and relentless power, the elemental force of nature, is veiled with mists and the evanescent hues of the rainbow. The variations in white, the subtle relation of values, and the delicate harmonies of closely related hues, appealed to the painter's æsthetic sensibility. The rhythmic movement of water, the repeated action of the waves, the rising vapours, were as the realization of an artistic vision. Twachtman has revealed this beauty and showed us something other than the largest falls in the world.

Twachtman's pictures of the Yellowstone and Niagara were not, however, the direct result of the quest of the beautiful. Fortunately he did not need to leave his home and surrounding country to find the beautiful, and it was there that he painted his most representative canvases. There is a feeling of home in his pictures, of a country well-beloved. The painter has, as it were, become a part of the thing painted. We feel a perfect intimacy which comes from perfect understanding. Not descriptive in a purely graphic or illustrative sense, the pictures of Connecticut reveal the





*Courtesy Macbeth Gallery*



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type and character of that country, its nearness, friendliness, its peculiarly intimate charm. It is not the loneliness of great expanse, not the rugged dramatic power of nature that Twachtman expresses, but rather tranquility and repose and the interest of nearby landscape, made significant by the way in which it is seen and composed. Thus the neighboring pool, the little waterfall, the undulating stone fence, the outcropping rocks and the varicoloured fields assume an importance which elevates the commonplace to the realm of profound beauty. The human figure is seldom introduced, although we frequently see a neighboring house and indication of human presence, but whether directly indicated or not the human interest looms large in the presence of the spectator who, as it were, occupies the foreground, and shares the interest of the painter.

The simple linear spacing of the earlier works has developed into more subtle and less apparent design, the simple contrast of horizontal and upright has given place to undulating masses and rhythmic interchange of form. The painter is continually experimenting with space relations, and varies the proportion of his canvas to best carry out his schematic intention. The picture of *Summer* is nearly in the proportion of one to two, revealing the contour of long rolling hillside, the gradual uphill road, the house with sloping roof, the flying clouds and fleeting shadows, all brought together in a manner which not merely discloses the general topography of the country but brings to it an indefinable and sympathetic charm which is inspired by the painter's personal conception. But more generally the composition is seen within a squarer proportion, the sky line being placed high on the canvas, so that the eye does not travel beyond, but is arrested and entertained in the middle ground.

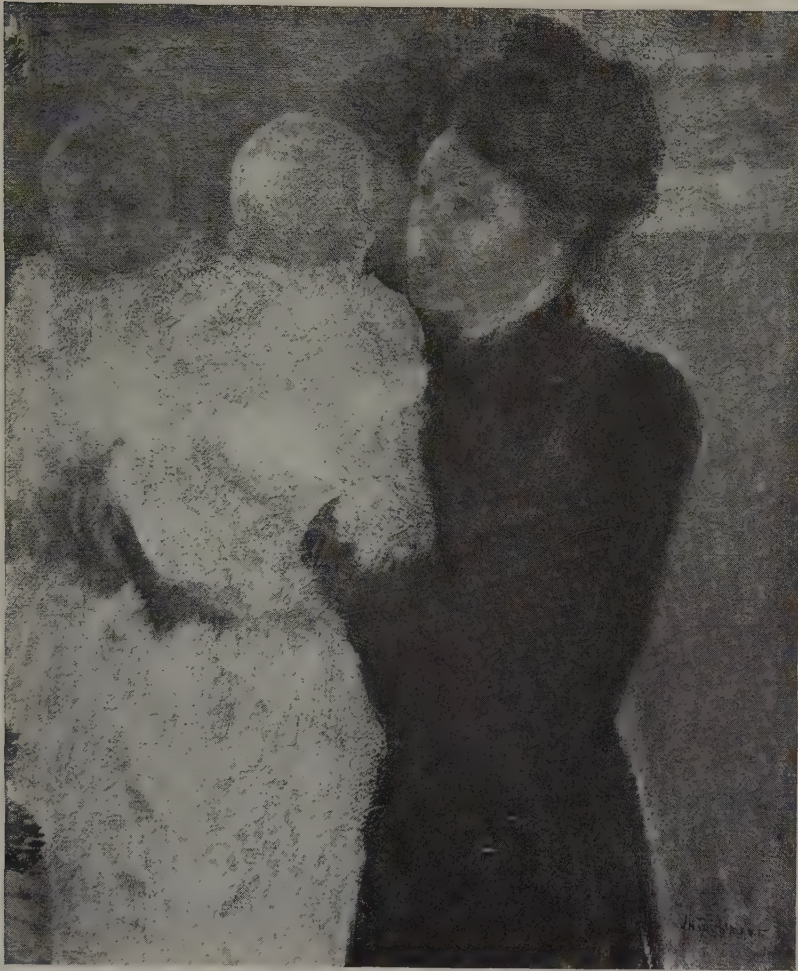
Twachtman has shown us the country in the dress of different seasons, but perhaps the most appealing are the neutral hues of November and the snows of winter, where the intricate forms of nature are replaced by the undulating fields of snow. His colour is always related to values, and his values to light. The local form and colour are enveloped and

modified by the dominant hue of the light and atmosphere. But Twachtman is not a luminist in the full sense of that term. He preferred the diffused light of hazy days, or the gray days of autumn to the blatant effects of sunlight and its corresponding contrasts. In fact most of his colour schemes are harmonies wherein the colour manifests entirely relative to the dominant hue. He expressed the elusive and fascinatingly evasive effects of nature, the delicate modulations of a simple theme, brought together by subtly combined variations and textures which make the surface palpitate and vibrate with the illusion of light and atmosphere. He was a master of nuance. His interest in winter landscape was therefore natural. He has rendered the æsthetic beauty of snow rather than the rigours of winter; he discovered the beauty of closely related values and softly modulated forms under clouded skies, but did not record the brilliant sunshine and the crisp clear days of New England winter. At times this love of subtle relations led to weakness, when the effect becomes so illusive as to be almost lost. But in this he echoes the spiritual yearning of the time as expressed in the haunting melodies of Verlaine; the plaintive, ephemeral strains of Debussy, or the nocturnes of Whistler. At times too this interest in subtle relations, of similar lines relieved only by variations of form and texture, assumes something of the nature of a stunt, wherein the painter has displayed only the keenness of his observation.

Twachtman's technique seems entirely a part of his pictorial vision. It is not affected, insistent or mannered. He did not follow a fixed or conventional method of painting. On the contrary, it is varied as a result of his different pictorial problems, and frequently it is suggested by the character of his canvas and the mood of the moment. But his handling is always adequate. Interested in the evanescent effects of nature his manner of painting has an illusive charm. The painting is not exploited for itself; it is preceded by the artistic vision which controls it. Thus the movement of the brush is free and unconscious, the pigment is animated and suggestive. The quality of the surface varies in accordance with the underpainting. The painter carefully avoided the



## *The Art of John Twachtman*



MOTHER AND CHILD

J. H. TWACHTMAN

unctuous, fatty, varnish-like surface and would often expose his pictures to sun and rain to flatten the effect and relieve the pigment of superfluous oil. Frequently, however, Twachtman achieves his result, *à premier coup*, with a delightful flow of colour, thinly and suggestively rendered. But although impulsive and exhilarating, the effect is somewhat thin, lacking in that solidity and fullness of form which he achieved over carefully prepared undertones. This gives to his final painting, and the improvisation of brush work, a background and a body, and allows the painter to work in thin semi-transparent washes which renders so successfully the illusion of the atmospheric veil. Twachtman was

susceptible to the colourful innovations of the impressionists and their technical expression, but he was not interested in the science of colour, and did not cultivate the optical illusion of light attempted by the juxtaposition of complementary contrasts, or the method of the so-called "Pointilists" or "Spotists" in rendering it. Absorbed in expressing his æsthetical impression, he was concerned with the larger relation of colour masses and that unity and oneness of effect achieved when the forms function simultaneously.

As a figure painter Twachtman achieves a very happy ensemble, an intimate realization of his subjects in their own environment. There is nothing deliberately contrived or set

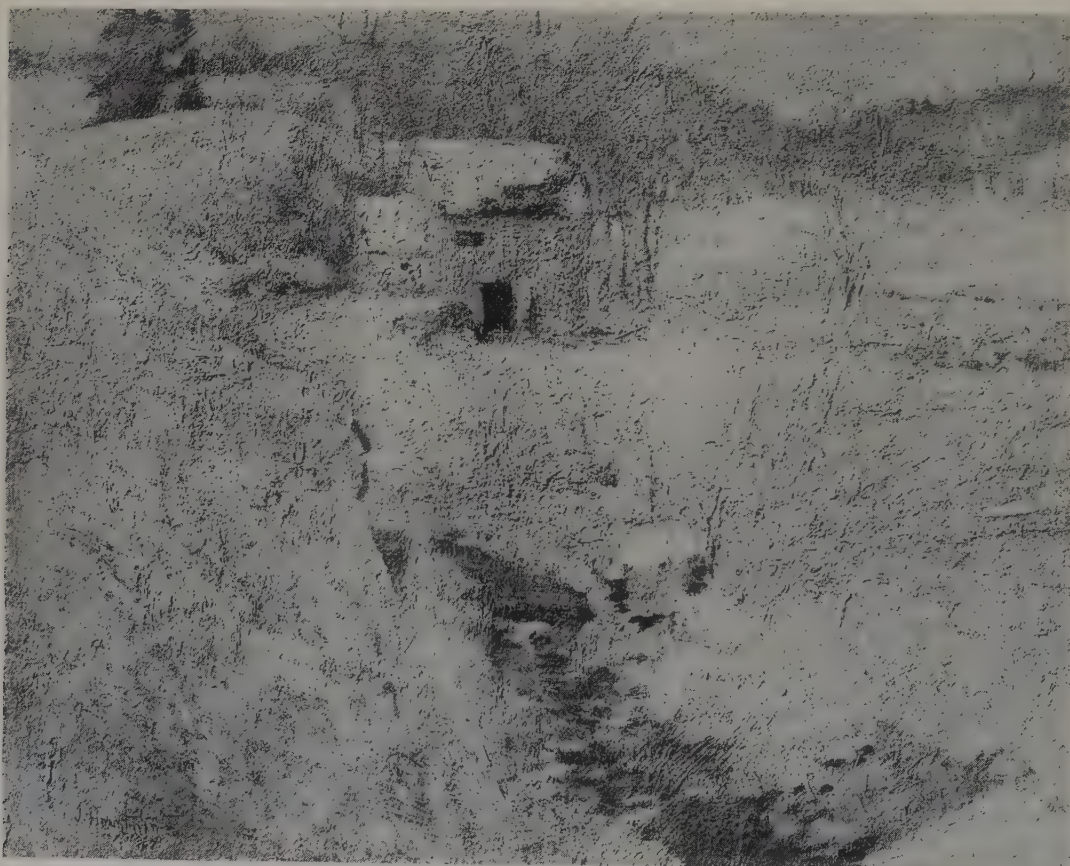


## *The Art of John Twachtman*

up. He seems to surprise a living moment and transfer it to canvas. His subjects are never on show. When the figure forms the principal element of interest his constructional rendering is not always convincing, but Twachtman had a splendid sense of poise and posture and a fine understanding of contour and silhouette. This gives to his compositions an authority and distinction without which his figures would seem somewhat empty.

Twachtman openly declared the decorative intention of his painting. But he did not define his understanding of the decorative. His work has nothing of ornamental prettiness or affected pattern. He was not artfully clever and would have found it more difficult to paint a popular pot-boiler with its ingratiating suavity and its factitious sophistication than to conceive a picture in his own back woods. He

avoided the pictorial commonplace; but he made the commonplace pictorial. His interest was not as a naturalist or a realist, but he took a purely sensuous delight in the beauty of the visual world, and felt a keen enjoyment in the relative significance of forms and colours. And this for Twachtman was the decorative. But there is something else which gets into his work for which we cannot account in the purely decorative. It is that element which was so much a part of his nature that the painter was not conscious of its existence. It was his indescribable appreciation of the human significance of things. This vitalizes his line with life and informs his composition with meaning, without which the merely decorative is empty. It is this mysterious, indefinable something which evades analysis that imbues the work of John Twachtman with enduring charm.



THE OLD MILL IN WINTER

J. H. TWACHTMAN



## *Prints of Modern Masters*



*Photos courtesy Keppel*

LE GUITARISTE

MANET

### **P**RINTS OF MODERN MASTERS BY AMEEN RIHANI

FREDERICK KEPPEL & Co. have brought together, in their December Exhibition, such masters of diverse genius as Manet and Degas, Gauguin and Redon, Pissarro and Steinlen. The collection of etchings and lithographs, dating back to the sixties when Impressionism first raised the standard of revolt, covers a range of achievement that is most turbulent and most brilliant in the world of art. It is an extraordinary collection, and, in this country, a rare one. The two adjectives require no qualification. A glance at the Catalogue, which begins with Goya the Father of the Moderns and ends with Edvard Munch, and to which has been added an illuminating paragraph on each artist represented, is sufficient to convince one of the extensiveness of

the undertaking. A visit to the Keppel Gallery brings the whole impressionist epoch in graphic art vividly to mind.

And brings with it tokens of revolt, of triumph, of surrender, of concession. Here, for instance, is impressionism in etching initiated by Pissarro, impressionism in lithography perfected by Steinlen, and some interesting experiments of Degas in these and other technical mediums. Here too are the sound traditions in graphic art adhered to by the most revolutionary and most belligerent of the Masters, by Manet. But what strikes one primarily and forcibly in this collection, is a converging emphasis of the note of concentration, an almost apotheosis of the synthetic process. Indeed, synthesis was the ruling influence, the ruling passion of the times. Every artist strived at least for it; some succumbed to it; others mastered it; many lost their sleep over it. That is why, I think, we get such diverse



## Prints of Modern Masters

expressions or manifestations of it, which sometimes accord with the temperament of the artist and sometimes are but a reaction to it.

Thus we have in this collection the rustic scenes of the modest Pissarro, the quiet and conventional etchings of the hyperæsthetic Manet, the stubby, pudgy dancers of the misanthropic Degas, the glittering surfaces of Paris life by the gentle Lautrec, the very depths and dregs of it by the saturnine Steinlen, a fascinating harmony of colour expression by the anarchistic Gauguin, and a most realistic version of the occult universe by the visionary Redon. A pageant, indeed, in artistic expression, of technique and style, of moods and manners, of feeling and fancy and thought.

Manet's etchings, according to Duret, are about sixty only, some of which are exceedingly rare. His lithographs, not including the illustrations to Mallarmé's translation of Poe's "Raven" do not exceed a dozen. His subjects are mostly reproductions of his own paintings as well as some old masters and a few original compositions as *L'Odalisque* and *La Toul-*

*ette*. Some of the least as well as the best known, however, will be found in this collection. Of the Portfolio published in 1874 there are four that not only represent some of his best work in etching, but recall those stormy days of criticism of which he was for a long time the central figure.

Here is the *Torero Mort*, for instance, a fragment of the original painting, *A Bullfight*, which was called by Edmond About "a wooden torero killed by a rat." Other critics were not less severe. But Manet recognized the justice, in this case, of their criticism and cut up the canvas with the result that the redeemed piece, of which this is an etching, is in itself a masterpiece. And here is *Le Guitarist*, which Baudelaire praised in elegant prose, standing in wonderment before the very sandals of the Spanish singer. Here too is the famous *Olympia*, which the Salon first rejected, which was called immoral because of the cat near the nude figure, and which Emile Zola, in paragraphs rhapsodic and defiant, proclaimed a masterpiece.



PEASANTS CARRYING HAY

PISSARRO



## Prints of Modern Masters



SOUS BOIS A L' HERMITAGE, PONTOISE

PISSARRO

The painting, I mean. But Manet's etchings as a rule reproduce his paintings in a very free manner. Sometimes, as in one of the Olympia plates, which was done to illustrate Zola's book of art criticism, he is very careful about his drawing and succeeds in obtaining a fineness of touch that is seldom evident in his other work. His *Lola de Valence* shows also how well he could wield the needle, when he chose, and make it yield some very delightful and subtle effects.

But he did not often do this. Influenced as he was by Goya, he seems to have been impressed mostly by Goya's sketchy manner. Even his sketches barely indicate his subject; some of his plates are excursions in shadow-land. There are those who insist of course upon a motive. These drawings, we are told, are done swiftly, sketched roughly in order "to seize the passing impression, the salient feature or detail." Impressionism and synthesis, in other words, which every artist of that

period made the object of his passionate quest. But Manet had reached along that line such heights of expression in his paintings and fought, in the course of his progress, such battles with the Paris Salon and critics and public, that most of his etchings seem to me to have been done in moments of relaxation—when he should have been relaxing instead.

For his so-called summary process dwindles in them to mere shorthand. With all respect to Duret, who compares him, in this sense, to Hokusai, I must confess that I can better read the stenographic notes of the Japanese. The simplicity of the Frenchman's is there, but the definition is lacking. The words, one would say, are fine. Briefly, the etched work of Manet divides itself into two classes, the finished and the unfinished. I use these words in their original meaning. The finished work is solid and firm and respectable—I have already said conventional. The unfinished—well, even a big name should not be invoked in



## Prints of Modern Masters

justification. For real impressionism in etching we must look somewhere else.

Towards Pontoise, for instance. Camille Pissarro, who does not rank as high as Manet as a painter, is certainly of greater stature as an etcher. He is in etching what Manet is in painting—the inventor of a new technique. And how well he makes it serve to give us the essential quality of the canvases of the impressionists. It would not seem possible that such dazzling effects of sunlight and refraction could be obtained on zinc or copper. And yet, here they are in *Le Chemin dan les Champs*, a graceful composition of grey tints punctuated as it were in silver, or in *Sous Bois à l'Hermitage*, the most beautiful in the collection. In such plates, Pissarro depends chiefly upon aquatint and soft ground; the needle is but an auxiliary. But he is so successful in the method that one forgets in the contemplation of the wonderful atmosphere produced that there is such a thing as linear beauty.

And yet, he has a fine feeling for the delicate and flexible line, which his pure etchings and drypoints especially reveal. *The Haymakers* and *Peasants Carrying*

*Hay* are examples, not only of a very expressive elegance, but of the sincerity and spontaneity with which he rendered the labourers in the field. Pissarro's work in graphic art is little known, despite the fact that, of all the impressionists, he produced the most. In

quality, too, it has a superiority that marks out from all the rest.

A superiority that Degas himself recognized. He was moreover responsible for the increased activity of Pissarro in that he made him contribute to *Night and Day*, a magazine he had started in Paris. There was something in the Master of Pontoise, his rustic simplicity perhaps and his poetic charm, which must have appealed to Degas in his latter days when he was more conscious of the lack of it in himself. Pissarro's work in etching—his street and market studies, his rustic scenes, especially his landscapes—will no doubt be better known and appreciated. They are destined to an enduring and wider recognition.

I am not sure about those of Degas. While some are quite worthy of the master draughtsman, others I have seen are technical failures. The reason is plain. Degas experimented with various means and combinations to produce novel effects; and some of his prints, we are told were intended only for himself. In which sense his own intention ought to have been respected. Such etchings as *Loges d'Actrices*,

however, and *Au Louvre*, and such lithographs as *Après le Bain*, will be esteemed more for their quality than their rarity or origin. A fine example of his modelling power is *La Sortie du Bain*; and as showing the summary process, *Danseuses dans la Coulisse* is a notable



AU LOUVRE: LA PEINTURE

DEGAS



## *Prints of Modern Masters*



CHRIST

REDON

plate. The mere indication of the figures, though firmly defined, is quite characteristic of Degas.

For he, more than any one of his contemporaries, was continually striving "to catch a movement, a momentary effect, a silhouette." His work in this sense is a triumph in impressionism. He stated the facts of life briefly, but not profoundly. He was a great analytical realist, but not a deep thinker;—an unemotional master of technique, an incomparable draughtsman, but not a sympathetic observer of life. In banishing from his art all literary imagination, he banished also the human soul. Like Ingres, he considered drawing as a supreme end in itself. Thus his dancers, for instance, stand always on their physical merit—or demerit—and show the pitiful effect of it. They talk to us with their strong pudgy legs, but they do not confide to us their secret ambition or grief. The soulless Degas did not concern himself with these.

And yet he had, we are told, a great passion for truth. Which he saw in the anatomical defects of a dancer, and with cruel frankness insisted upon it. But did he go beyond anatomy? Yes, into movement,—into the very heart of movement, where his keen eye caught the significance of the most elusive gesture. His figures seem to walk out to us or to stand in a way that we have the feeling of being able to walk around them. But what do they convey beside the technical genius of their creator?

True, a good picture that says nothing is better than a good picture that says stupid things. But there is Odelon Redon, who is rejected by some as visionary, chimerical, but welcomed as a draughtsman of extraordinary synthetic power. There is no disagreement about this. Nor is there any disagreement for that matter about the portentous something in his art. To be sure, his pictures do not say stupid things. They are first excellent pic-





CHAT COUCHÉ SUR LA PAILLE

STEINLEN



RETOUR DU LAVOIR

STEINLEN



## *Prints of Modern Masters*



THE SICK GIRL

MUNCH

tures; and in addition to this, they have the command of an uncommon speech. They whisper of things hidden in the material universe; they tell of secrets, terrible or cherishable, beyond our common ken. He has a love for the grey vistas of the night, this man. He is attracted to the velvet folds of darkness, where he sees things, indeed, but sees them with an eye that is not unfamiliar with the realities of life.

His intellect, in other words, saves his originality from his imagination. Out of the chaos of human knowledge he evolves a profound symbolism that captivates the understanding. Nor is there aught of the trite and commonplace or the merely fantastic in the conception and execution of his superb lithographs. The temptation of St. Anthony, for instance, is one of the hackneyed subjects in art and literature. But Redon's version of it is not only original; it is intellectually as well as ar-

tistically convincing. There is an invention in his technique which the hatchet stroke of Degas alone does not illuminate. The figments of a dream in his hand are turned into something that is amazingly vital and stirring. His conceptions, like Blake's, are sometimes too chimerical, but his figures rise out of the heaving darkness in solid and colossal form.

If Redon addresses us in symbols, however, Steinlen who has also mastered the Degas technique, talks to us in the idiom of the street, in the dialect of the people. True, his art has a social message, is grim with an economic and a moral purpose; but seldom is it sacrificed to a cause or even compromised. The cartoon in his hand is first an artistic pledge, after that, an artistic weapon. His figures reflect the mastery of his technique as draughtsman and etcher as well as the crushed spirit of humanity;— the spirit of the underworld upon which he gazes, not with the smile of a satir-



## Prints of Modern Masters

ist, but with the rage of a prophet. "His work," says Roger Marx, "is imbued with a deep spirit of brotherhood and pity and love."

Technically it is free from any artificial blandishments—no trick of refinement, no intricacy of line or tone. A direct and powerful stroke suffices his purpose. He seeks and finds his effects by the simplest means. His work, even like Degas', reveals the great secret of art, which is selection and simplicity. In his etching, *Retour du Lavoir*, the washerwomen, a group of muscular young creatures whose faces are aged with toil and suffering, are as powerfully conceived and executed as those of Degas. His *L'Enfant Malade* is an achievement worthy of Van Gogh.

On the other hand, he is capable of producing, in the manner that the drypoint dictates, such plates as *Vielle Femme* and *Temps d'Orage*. The sweep of line in them is full of delicate and vivid charm. They appeal to the eye, to the æsthetic feeling rather, before they appeal to the social consciousness. Even *Les*

*Moutons de Boisdeffre*, a lithograph representing the madness of the mob, is a proof of this. His graphic power is here supreme; the effect of the crowd in motion, stirred by a social or anti-social passion, is trenchantly produced. Observe in the foreground the two most conspicuous faces, savagely stupid, viciously idiotic—the key to the dominating spirit of the moment.

Edvard Munch has also a social conscience and sometimes adapts the symbol to his art. But, unlike Steinlen, he seems to labour under some terrible obsession; and unlike Redon, he symbolizes at times in vain. He does not touch the intellect in us nor does he arouse the emotions, when, pursuing an intention which is no doubt sincere, he calls the symbol to his aid. His work in this regard lacks the fascination that holds one in spite of oneself before an enigma or a thing of terror. But he is an anarchist in art, not an anarchist; his instinct is strongly, overwhelmingly positive. With a power of concentration and an intens-



A LA TABLE DE JEU

FORAIN



## Prints of Modern Masters



SCENE IN TAHITI

GAUGUIN

ity of feeling he gives to such etchings as *Dusk* and *The Kiss* a peculiar charm and a distinct appeal. *The Day After* suggests the work of Lautrec in Montmartre; and while it reveals the technical skill of Munch, it betrays the obsession within him. For instead of moving us to pity the girl's lot, it bids us share in the artist's indignation. And thus is spoiled a work of art. I am not of those who shrink from the morbid and crapulous. But when they are far-fetched, they lose their significance. And Munch seems to drag them in at times to appease his own poetic wrath.

We now come to one who is devoid of a social conscience, but not of the symbolic instinct. It has been said that Redon's drawings inspired Gauguin and Gauguin inspired Munch. This may be true, for it shows the downward progression of the symbol. *Les Drames de la Mer*, a vague something tumultuously fantastic, is an example of it. But Gauguin only trifled with symbols and other things before he entered upon his career as a painter pure and simple. In *Leda*, a curious

bit of composition,—the head of a girl and that of a swan in a circle,—he titillates our curiosity with a few words inverted in the printing. But the joke is on him who would decipher them.

Aside from these *chinoiseries*, there are two splendid coloured lithographs that represent the Gauguin we know before and after Tahiti. *Scene in Brittany* shows him still flirting with impressionism, while *Scene in Tahiti* is done in his later manner. It is a good example of the master's supreme harmonies in yellow and green and faded purple. The figures, like those in his paintings, are firmly but gracefully outlined; they suggest the primitive animalism that also appeals to us through its love of the ornamental in colour and design.

Aside from the symbol and the diatribe and the primitive in art, I have still to consider—for lack of space I can only call attention to the *fin de Siècle* manner of Forain and Lautrec. But Carrière's flourish can be forgiven in his purity of conception and treatment. This man, too, could evoke a luminous beauty



## Prints of Modern Masters

out of the darkness. The lithograph was well suited to his purpose. His portrait of Verlaine is indeed an uncommon production. It is not the Verlaine who said, "*Je suis l'empereur du grand empire de décadance*," but the Verlaine of a transfiguration, the sad and contrite expression still harbouring nevertheless a suggestion of his having once argued with his God. There is also a forceful example of the summary process in *Hommage à Tolstoi*. The face that reveals the soul, the hand that holds out the torch, they testify, not only to the graphic power of Carrière, but to his noble poetic vision as well.

This vision is sometimes missed in Forain. But we do not look for it in Lautrec. Both these artists adopted the Degas formula in drawing. The one carried it to the boulevard, the other to Moulin Rouge. They both made it serve the wit of the cartoonist, the raillery of the cynic. Even in his more enduring work, in some of his etchings, Forain could not wholly overcome the boulevard spirit within

him. He is essentially a Parisian, not only in his gambling and court scenes, but also in those subjects that were incident to a latter day accession of religion. In *The Resurrection of Lazarus*, for instance, the most conspicuous figure—I hope it is not intended for the Christ—is strongly suggestive of a Paris revolutionist of the old days giving the grandiose gesture from the top of the barricade.

A fine lithograph of Toulouse-Lautrec, very amusing, in subject, is *Au Moulin Rouge: L'Union Franco-Russe*. A fat blonde, typically German (La Goulu perhaps, whom he frequently painted in many of his earlier subjects), must have posed for it. A cynical Gretchen posing as France! It intrigues the speculative fancy. I don't know what the artist may have had in mind. But one can see in the good-natured insolence of the girl and the pensiveness of the not-too-hopelessly-distracted youth that one day something *will happen*—contrary to all international sagacity and craft. And the artist, alas! was right.



L'UNION  
FRANCO-RUSSE

TOULOUSE-  
LAUTREC



## *A Revival of Mexican Art*



DESIGN EMPLOYING  
MEXICAN THEME

ADOLF  
BEST-MAUGARD

### **A** REVIVAL OF MEXICAN ART ELIZABETH CRUMP ENDERS

EVERY country eventually vibrates to its own art. Though it may have temporarily followed other gods, it will always, in the end, return to its own. So it has been with Mexico. Its art, through an evolution of centuries, had grown to be an individual one, a composite of three distinct influences, Chinese, Spanish and Aztec.

Already in early Aztec and Mayan art there had been evinced a decided similarity to Asiatic art—for what reasons we can only conjecture. Later began the great trading of Spain with the Orient and the carrying of Chinese merchandise across Mexico for shipment to other countries. Hence, with great ease, did Chinese art insinuate itself; and leave, as it were, a filigree of beauty upon the Aztec—Spanish ensemble.

About half a century ago, however, the people of Mexico began discarding their own designs and colours for those of European countries. With little discrimination, foreign patterns and materials were sought and Mexican objects of art completely rejected.

This was the situation in 1914, when Adolfo Best-Maugard, a young artist of Spanish-French extraction, came to Mexico City. For a year, in the National Museum he studied traceries and designs from fragments of old Aztec pottery, broken and dimmed by age. From two thousand of these studies, Mr. Best-Maugard selected seven basic Aztec motifs to be built and enlarged upon. So imbued did he become with the possibilities and spirit of his neglected realm that he finally went to the Director of Schools of Mexico City and was given permission to teach it to their five thousand pupils.

In a remarkably short time these students were making original designs—all Mexican—many crude, it is true, but essentially of their own land and permeated by the feeling of it. Into their various frets and patterns were brought numberless Aztec, Spanish and Chinese combinations—some so subtly assembled that it is difficult to determine just where the line of demarcation comes. The result, however, is unmistakably Mexican. With a real appreciation of its beauty they are now fired with the spirit of its recreation; and thus this apparently lost Mexican art is being re-born to its country.



# WORDS . . . WORDS

## AN EDITORIAL

I OWE a serious apology. In my article on Hart House in the November issue I omitted to mention that the architects of that building are Messrs. Sproatt and Rolph of Toronto. I congratulate them.

In the past month I have seen more bad pictures than I ever hoped to see in my lifetime. The galleries, even the most reputable, are full of them. But I have no intention of writing about bad painting, even to condemn it. Life is too short.

Without any doubt the exhibition of Modern French Prints at Keppel's is the event of the month. I understand that it is being kept open on into January, so I advise all who have not seen it to do so at once. It is a stimulating experience. They are all so alive. Manet, Pissarro, Degas, Steinlen, Gauguin, Redon, the walls are crowded with them and when you have finished with the walls you can lie on the floor, as I did, and rummage through portfolios!

After the Keppel show everything else is tame. The English Drawings and Watercolours at Scott & Fowles' are most disappointing. True, they are by *living* men, but an almost identical exhibition could have been collected twenty years ago. Sheringham's fans and Rackham's and Dulac's illustrations! Not a hint of the later Dulac. True, there is a fine John, some delightful Meninsky Babies, and a MacEvoy, but in 1920!

The Fourth Annual Exhibition of Intimate Paintings at the Macbeth Galleries is what it sets out to be, a collection of beautiful unimportant pictures. There is a fine Melchers *Mother and Child* and a dull ditto, a small Davies, two Dangerfields, and an early Twachtman, *Venice*. This latter charmed me particularly and I have included it among the illustrations to Mr. Clark's article. It is in what Mr. Clark calls the "unctuous fatty style," but there is *painting* there for all that. The idea of the exhibition is a good one, and should prove popular.

Coming down to one-man shows we have only Mary Cassatt at Durand-Ruel. Mary

Cassatt is a problem. Obviously she can paint, but she followed the wrong masters. What real bond of sympathy can there have been between this New Englander and Degas? A struggle is reflected in her pictures. In the *Fillette au grand chapeau*, the hat and face are Degas, the hands and drapery—who knows? The contrast between the strength of the head and the flabbiness of the rest of the painting is remarkable.

A comparison between the sketches and completed paintings is illuminating. In the sketches Mary Cassatt expressed herself. Her drawing has freedom, her colour a degree of charm, if not of deep quality. In the paintings she is never completely at her ease. Her figures are stiff and posed. She is forever striving to be someone else and the real Mary insists on peeping through—not by way of relief. Her colour sense is uncertain, her command of light extremely so. Only her drawing makes some of her work bearable. Of the paintings shown in the present exhibition, a fairly representative one, the finest are the *Femme assise*, and the *Jeune femme cueillant un fruit*, which is in the same style. Of the pastels I would pick out the *Jeune Femme et Fillette*.

I had an extraordinary experience at an exhibition of Sculpture at the Union League Club. In the first place the hall porter took me for a tramp and was extremely averse to letting me in at all. Then the attendant had his suspicions too and insisted on conducting me up back stairs and through dark corridors for fear that I might meet some of the inmates. And then, for reward, polite dullness. I wandered round the room twice, admired Solon Borglum's *New-born Lamb*, Lucy Ripley's *Seated Figure*, some groups by Ellershusen and then, chancing to turn my head suddenly, saw . . . at first I thought that it was alive, a *Head of the Virgin* in alabaster, by Lee Laurie. Who was Lee Laurie? And whence had come this face with smile half mocking, half tender? I had not seen it before. Yet it dominated the room.

So great was its effect upon me that I spent the whole of the next day tracking down Mr. Laurie. I could get no information out of *Who's Who*, nor had any one heard of him.



## Words . . . Words

At length I found him, and found too the cause of his obscurity. His work is to be found in churches, rather than in the auction room. A day later I made a pilgrimage to the Church of St. Vincent Ferrer on Lexington Avenue at 66th Street, to view the completed statue, for which this head was originally intended. It occupies a prominent position to the right of the Chancel steps. I was not wholly disappointed. The silver crown and gilt draperies do not entirely destroy the charm, but it is not the Virgin of the alabaster head.

But the galleries are this month completely overshadowed by the Metropolitan Museum, which besides the Vanderbilt and Grinnell Bequests, in themselves important, has on view in the Sixth Room of the Egyptian Department the most perfect collection of burial models ever exhibited. This collection, divided equally between the Cairo Museum and the Metropolitan, is the supreme achievement of the Egyptian Expedition of 1918-20.

It was the custom 2,000 years before Christ for a wealthy man to have buried in a chamber close to his tomb a statue of himself, surrounded by models of his servants at work. Thus in that future life, which was in all points to resemble this, he hoped to live in the same luxury. Examples of these models had been often found before, but never so complete a collection. The occupier of the tomb, Mehenkwetre, was evidently a Councillor of considerable wealth and prestige, for in his tomb at Thebes was found a veritable Noah's Ark in a state of perfect preservation. Traveling boats, pleasure boats and canoes, complete with rowers at their oars, one even with sail still bent, cattle in the stall and at the slaughterhouse, brewery, bakery, granary, carpenter's shop, women weaving (the thread still intact), the whole Egyptian menage is there.

From the illustration some idea may be gained of the perfection of these models. In the bow is a man with a "fender" (the Nile must have been crowded in those days!). On either side the rowers, the cloth round their loins is still intact. In front of the cabin sits Mehenkwetre, sniffing a lotus, on his left a harpist, before him a singer. In the cabin

is his steward with trunks neatly packed away. In the stern the helmsman. The boat on the right contains the kitchen, complete to the joints of meat and jars of wine in the cabin.

The workmanship of these models is superb. In each there is life and movement. On one of the pleasure boats the crew are busy paddling, on another setting sail, on a third harpooning fish. All are extremely realistic and in each the design is perfect. That is what struck me most forcibly. That an artist who took such pleasure in minutiae should have been able to combine with perfection of detail, perfection of design.

Now look at the statuette of the girl bringing food to the tomb. Is that not in the modern tongue? And after 4,000 years. . . .

The latest thing in Catalogue Prefaces has just been sent me by the irrepressible James N. Rosenberg, announcing the sale by auction of his recent work. It is in the form of a letter addressed to Mr. Mitchell Kennerley.

"Dear Kennerley:

"'An outright auction? Without reserve? How about the dealers? And what a humiliation if your pictures bring less than the cost of the frames.' Thus an artist friend of mine when I told him of the coming auction sale of my pictures at the Anderson Galleries.

"'Humiliating? Nonsense. Ruysdael and Hobbema died in a poor-house. My fear is that my pictures will bring too much rather than too little.' This is how I did not answer, for I do not expect to die in any of those establishments which are reserved exclusively for artists of distinction.

"Then why wait for death or the dealer? I painted these pictures for the fun of it, I am selling them for the fun of it, and I trust no one will buy them except for the fun of it. For priceless as they will doubtless be to the collector in years to come, I hope no mere collector's instinct for an art investment will induce buying, since their present value is nil.

"Did I tell you that I am thinking of devoting the proceeds of the sale to establishing an American School for Art Critics?

Faithfully yours,

JAMES N. ROSENBERG."

I shall be present to collect the proceeds.





TRAVELLING BOATS

EGYPTIAN MODELS, 2000 B. C.



DETAIL OF ABOVE



## Book Reviews

### BOOK REVIEW

WALTER GAY. PAINTINGS OF FRENCH INTERIORS. Critical essay by A. E. Gallatin. E. P. Dutton & Co. Reviewed by Marrion Wilcox

Walk with me through open country, and in an afternoon we may discover, at most, six or eight views that can be called true pictures. These are of primary importance, notable and memorable. All the other views are really of less permanent interest. They are secondary, because they just miss the full pictorial quality. You will find it easier, of course, to reproduce on your canvas any one of the six or eight primary views than any one of the secondary views. Moreover, if you choose wisely, the work will make you happier not only while you are doing it but also after it is done.

Thus even in the open country, with all its natural charm; by how much the more, then, in a wise choice of subjects seen to be the first requisite when an artist wishes to portray interiors. Here, in place of nature's charm, we seek examples of that very rare gift, exquisite taste, and we may discover only a single manifestation of exquisite taste, lending itself perfectly to pictorial treatment, though we may study the proportions, decorations and furnishing of rooms, galleries, halls, not just casually, as though while taking an afternoon walk, but most systematically, earnestly, and for quite a long time.

With such thoughts in our minds, we are better prepared to appreciate the swift and sure perception characteristic of a man who is an artist both by innate bent of mind and by long training; the unerring instinct for the apprehension of artistic value which makes him neglect secondary subjects and give his attention to none but principal, really significant and memorable examples of *le charme d'intimité*.

Mr. Walter Gay chooses for representation such interiors as have in a high degree the pictorial quality. Then, in each chosen interior, we may suppose that he selects those objects which make a true picture, and shows us those objects only—or with compelling emphasis shows them chiefly—enhancing by true inter-

pretation the beauty of those which seem to be the most significant, and joining the significant features together not only by emphasis of drawing, lighting and colour, but also by subtle harmonies of tone or shading, even as certain notes of music, though far apart, are bound each to each by natural consonance.

Apparently an actual human experience (a dramatic episode or interesting bit of real life, it might be better to say) and a different episode, spontaneously different, for each scene, is kept constantly in mind by the painter while at work; and so the observer's fancy summons the well-remembered figures created or portrayed by eighteenth century French masters. At this call they come, with considerate decrease in size to suit the smaller canvas. Presently they seem to occupy, for instance, these chairs of the Louis XV period, this "yellow sofa, château du Bréau."

A little quiet musing, whenever a number of Mr. Walter Gay's pictures are before you, will bring back the living sense of an age that was like an historic *interval* of taste. Fortunately it is an age not yet too old. Old enough it certainly is to yield already the pure delight inherent in all things that grow old beautifully; but we realize gratefully that it has not yet acquired, from our point of view, any coldly archaic and strange or repellent features.

Now, should it not seem a boon to us that a painter, simply by his virtuosity, has put into his pictures many alluring intimations of French eighteenth century life, glimpses of an age which is not too old to delight as well as inspire? Well then, Mr. Walter Gay has achieved this. He has achieved this admirably, indeed. He has captured (to set free again) the spirit of an age, somewhat as Washington Irving fixed upon his pages, by his literary skill, the romance of old Spanish scenes.

Other books received include:

THE PSYCHOLOGY OF DRESS. Life expressed in clothes. By Frank Alvah Parsons. Illustrated with reproductions of costumes from the Middle Ages to the present day. Doubleday, Page & Company.

OLD WORLD LACE OR A GUIDE FOR THE LACE LOVER. By Clara M. Blum. With numerous illustrations. E. P. Dutton & Company.



EGYPTIAN BURIAL  
MODEL

FROM TOMB  
OF MEHENKWETRE



MODERN SPANISH PAINTING:  
VALENTIN AND RAMÓN DE ZU-  
BIAURRE.    ♪    ♪    ♪    ♪    ♪

TOGETHER with the names of Sorolla and Zuloaga, that of Zubiaurre is beyond all doubt among the most widely known in Spanish art to-day. Representing something eminently characteristic in Spanish painting to-day, it is also among the most notable in the renaissance that has been revealing itself in our midst for some years past—and the significance of one of the most clearly defined forms of this renaissance may be realised by even a cursory study of the work of the Zubiaurres.

Spain, in truth, never knew that absolute decline which at various periods has shown itself in the artistic schools of all other countries. Of course, its "Golden Age" has not been unbroken; but even during the second and third quarters of the past century—that is to say, the most adverse period as regards art the world has ever

known—the direct descendants of Goya gave to our painting a vigour deserving of greater recognition. There is quite a pleiad of pre-Romantic painters of incontestable worth, some of whom, as, for example, the portrait painter Esquivel (1806–1857), Perez Villaamil (1807–1854), above all, the quasi-Romantic Gutierrez de la Vega (d. 1867)—devoted to half-lights, and spiritual brother of Ricard—and the draughtsman Leonardo Alenza (1807–1845) stand in the foremost rank.    ♪    ♪

A little later Eduardo Rosales (1837–1873) continued the unbroken tradition which throughout the centuries has made the Spanish school of painting, from the days of the great portraitists who were the immediate predecessors of Velasquez—Pantoja de la Cruz, Sanchez Coello and others—one of the richest in exceptional temperaments. Rosales, with his genius, anticipated the luminous discoveries of Impressionism, and his historical pictures, though academically composed, in the



"TYPES DU PAYS BASQUE"  
BY VALENTIN DE ZUBIAURRE

## MODERN SPANISH PAINTING



"GRANDS SEIGNEURS ET MENDIANTS"  
BY VALENTIN DE ZUBIAURRE

fashion of his day, reveal in their technique a modernism which in certain respects has not been surpassed even since the discoveries of Chevreuil and Helmholtz were applied to painting. In this way Rosales was truly the bridge connecting the art of Spain as it was at the beginning of the nineteenth century with that of its end, and thanks to him it was possible for latter-day evolution to come about without the abrupt shocks that in other countries made of it a veritable revolution. ▯ ▯

And this process was worth understanding, in order to realise how the absolute balance we observe in the works of the brothers de Zubiaurre was achieved. ▯

Sorolla is all air and light. His exact application of the principles of the earlier

Impressionism, his realism, which constrains him to paint with eye and hand just that which he sees and just as he sees it, combine to make him, altogether apart from the subjects of his pictures, a painter of no definite nationality, tied to no country and to no School. And his masses of sunshine might be falling just as well on the shores of any continent as on those of Valencia. Therefore when the foreigner classes Sorolla with the Spanish School it is solely because he remembers his place of origin—which is far from being all that is necessary to determine the matter. Zuloaga, on the other hand, is Spanish wholly and intensely, and his sources of inspiration, as all can see, spring from works as essentially Spanish as it is possible for them to be—those of el Greco





"VIEILLES LOIS ET FLEUR  
NOUVELLE (BISCAYE)." BY  
VALENTIN DE ZUBIAURRE

and Zurbarán. Every aspect of his soil and his race he penetrates, dissects and exalts magnificently; and he shows the ineffaceable mark of that race even in his portraits of personages having nothing in common with the Castilian ideal. Between Sorolla—cosmopolitan, brilliantly superficial and endowed with an almost fantastic manual facility which necessarily limits all his subjects, whether people or landscapes to a single aspect—and Zuloaga, inquisitively deep and keen, and endowed

with a bigness of vision which instinctively attains to the very limits of the tragic, there is ample room, and many are the artists who occupy it. None have done so with more power and personality than the Zubiaurres. Hampered ever so slightly at the start by its suggestion of Zuloaga, this personality has long since come into the full rights it enjoys to-day. ■ ■ ■

The brothers Zubiaurre, in the eyes of all countries, beginning with their own, are

## MODERN SPANISH PAINTING

inseparably associated, just as they are in the infirmity of deafness, which serves to make still closer the communion and intimacy between their several productions. And yet each of them has his own conception, and his own very distinct method of realising it. One may—indeed, one must—associate the pair at the outset, but to confuse them later would be to show an unpardonable carelessness. ▯ ▯

By all means let them be associated and thought of together at first, especially as regards their fervour and that devotion to their art which have combined to make them real modern Primitives, absorbed in their work just as Memling was in his. Amidst all the "scamped" productions seen in the Exhibitions of to-day—paintings as rapidly achieved as conceived—these works by the Zubiaurres show like

so many acts of faith, or prayers, or renunciations—deliberate renunciations of all the facility around them. ▯ ▯

From the time of their first beginnings, and even more with each succeeding year, this fervour has grown, consolidated and intensified, deriving continually from the joys of its isolation. At first they produced just insignificant figures, fellows of those infinitely little ones which among the old Flemings reveal a devotion to their art in all they do—however imperceptible to others—akin to that of the illuminators of missals. And, like the *fonds* of Van Eyck, or like certain particularly fervent pages in the "books of hours," the Zubiaurres' stock-in-trade consists in the interminable and patient groups or processions, which attest the ecstasy of the painter who in season and out of season prostrates himself



"POUR LES VICTIMES  
DE LA MER." BY  
VALENTIN DE ZUBIAURRE





"MARCHANDES DE FRUITS  
À ONDARROA (BISCAYE)"  
BY RAMÓN DE ZUBIAURRE

in his dream of an art without any limits. Also they painted "still-life" subjects of ineffable candour, in which, on cloths of altar-like purity—village altars, starched and bedecked with lavender—porcelains and crystals piously displayed their whiteness and transparency. And, lastly, there were the perpetual *ex-voto* of all their works: the little piles of green apples—natural escutcheon of Biscay—which, by dint of constant appearance, serve as marks of authenticity, like the butterfly of Whistler. And these bowls, these pots, and these earthenware dishes, vibrating with rusticity, with their outlines stretching in shadows blue and golden on the stiff-ironed linen; and these innumerable blades of grass and little wild flowers, these wrinkled hands and faces, these minutely painted costumes,

all wrought with such patient care, as though in thanksgiving for the universal goodness and worth of creation. And, as with the pious Primitives, we find herein a lively renewal of the Song of St. Francis, styling himself "brother" of all the elements and all creatures, and, from devotion and love, uniting himself with everything palpitating—even though it were invisibly—around him. ♡ ♡

Valentin, the elder, is the more "reasonable," the more constructive, of the brothers. Externally his Primitivism displays itself with more force than does his brother's, and he works on his faces with such minuteness that his paintings might almost be taken for masterpieces of engraving. No, the painter of the *Vierge du Chanoine*



"LES RAMEURS VAINQUEURS"  
BY RAMÓN DE ZUBIAURRE

*Van der Paele* has done nothing better than these faces—glorified in their wrinkles and shrivellings—of *Grands Seigneurs et Mendiants*, of the *Type de Salamanque* or *L'Oncle Saturo de Ségovie*. Is this imitation? Or a desire to revive a minute style, on account of its recognised effect? Not at all! Renewal of a devotion, if you will; resumption of a spirit which, after so many centuries of synthesis and generalisation, takes delight anew in prolonged and searching analysis, in the slow realisation of the soul through the medium of all its external signs. □ □ □ □ □ □ □

And this analysis is never cold or dry.

Attempted *à froid* it would be impossible. How find the necessary patience, save in ecstasy? How choose that which must be chiefest and foremost unless the choice be first made in the depths of one's heart? There is something enveloping these faces—something in the immutability of their identical expression—which makes this clear to us; and the manner in which the humble lace-work of the altar, crudely set up for *The Victims of the Sea*, justifies what one may style the "graving" of the figures. □ □ □ □ □ □ □

And the most remarkable thing in the work of Valentin de Zubiaurre, the thing



## MODERN SPANISH PAINTING

that makes him truly kin with the Primitives of other ages, is the value acquired by the colour in his buildings. ▯ ▯ ▯

Castille, with its astounding twilights, has filled Valentin de Zubiaurre with the intoxication of its flaming skies, stretching wide over the parched lands below them. The clouds, so red, so inconceivably red (and where should they be red, if not here?) and the soil implacably yellow or light brown, and the sharp greens of the women's skirts, and the cloaks of the men, with their big round hats, so obstinately sombre—all these, with the abrupt standing-out of his silhouettes against the bare, wild landscape, have served to form, little by little, surely, and for always, the palette of an artist the meditation of whose vision of things amounts to an act of faith. And even in such of his works as are not due to direct contact with Castille itself there is an exaltation which reflects the colour

of Castille, with its blood-red night-falls. Certain of Nature's magnificences have never been better expressed than by Valentin de Zubiaurre in his comparatively small picture *Crépuscule en Castille*, in which three silhouetted priestly figures stand out, like immutable symbols against an immense background of mystical clouds. Mystical, yet very real. ▯ ▯ ▯

And colour it is precisely that more than anything else gives personality to the work of each of the two brothers. While Valentin is the more Castilian, Ramón is very much the more Basque, and his paintings right from their essence are marked by the moistened mildness of their northern province. For though the sun shines in Biscay too, it is always after recent rains, its brightness veiled by a humid curtain. Biscay is the land of green and greenish tones, and Ramón



"NOCES D'OR (PROVINCE  
DE SALAMANQUE)"  
BY RAMÓN DE ZUBIAURRE



"MERCEDES LA GITANE"  
BY RAMÓN DE ZUBIAURRE

de Zubiaurre lovingly interprets them every one, lingering over their varieties. There is the dark green of the herbage, with foliage of a green so dark as almost to be black, the glaucous green of river and sea in the background of his pictures, the pale green of the houses standing up in all their height like festal ornamented pastries. On all these various greens the black costumes of the old folk are lit up by reflex from the sky, while the bright bodices, the chaste white camisoles of the young girls assume the lines of the sea. And when the vision is no longer that of Biscay all this green turns little by little to blue, reflected in softened light on the whitened walls serving as background to the *Noces d'or*, marking, with rustic erudition, the outlines of the rough-coloured pots and plates, and lastly throwing out

the few light notes—buttons, or goffered shirt-fronts—relieving the monotony of the men's dress, and making even more dazzling the much-embroidered and bespangled costumes of the *charras* of Salamanca.      ♦      ♦      ♦      ♦      ♦

This refers to the present time, now that Ramón, having reached his full powers of expression, no longer hesitates on the path of his ideal. Certain scenes from Holland are nothing more than incidents in the complete and even harmony of his work, just travel notes with no particular aim outside their own action. But before this, at the start, this striving after transparent colour and liquid tones—liquid, and at the same time brilliant in places—led Ramón to see things somewhat theatrically: nocturnal serenades, with some fair lady, wrapped in her lace shawl, playing with



her sparkling fan under the dark blue sky studded with stars. Then came scenes from the world of fashion, full of a rather morbid grace. There was no affectation in this, for the Zubiaurres, coming from the *haute bourgeoisie*, sons of an illustrious composer, master of the music at Court, had no difficulty in depicting the scenes they saw continually around them. Moreover, they were very simple scenes, such as young girls enjoying their *goûter*, or taking tea in the gardens, with the artist's sister Pilar—his Egeria, guide and collaborator, full of bright intelligence and untiring devotion—always and naturally taking the leading part. ■ ■ ■ ■ ■

These were but the beginnings, the tentative efforts. And how remote they are from scenes such as the *Premier Fils* or the painting of these *Rameurs Vainqueurs*, which by their very simplicity assume an epic grandeur. The *Rameurs* in particular, the artist's most highly significant work, is a glorification of the strength of the race and the beauties of the earth. The almost geometrical symmetry of the oars, the attitudes, expressly and definitely *stylisées*, and the sudden cutting-off of the arm which appears in the extreme right of the picture—these things display a daring allowed only to those who are very sure of their road, and who know beforehand whither and how far the road will lead them. ■ ■ ■

MARGARITA NELKEN.

## EXHIBITION OF SPANISH PAINTINGS AT THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

AS a souvenir of this important event the Editor is arranging to publish early next year a Special Number devoted to Spanish Painting from the period of El Greco down to the present day. Besides numerous full-page reproductions in monotone of works now hanging on the walls of Burlington House, the volume will contain a series of twelve plates in colour after some of the more notable exhibits. It will form a desirable record of one of the most important art exhibitions of recent years, and will be of great assistance to all students of Spanish Art. ■ ■ ■

## THE FLOWER SCULPTORS OF CHINA. ■ ■ ■ ■ ■

THE word "sculptor" has come to mean in the western world a man who works in that exceedingly soft and pliant substance known as "modelling clay." Having completed his clay model he hands it almost invariably to an Italian workman who casts it in plaster or bronze, or sometimes makes a more or less mechanical reproduction of the work in marble. Only then—when it returns to its author—does any real sculpture begin; this generally consists in the "sculptor" removing the indiscretions of the Italian workman! ■ ■ ■ ■ ■

Now, it is a singular fact that the sculptors of hard-stones in China are, in this country, generally regarded as merely unusually skilled lapidarists, and



MAGNOLIA IN WHITE JADE  
(Collection of Mrs. George  
Sheringham)

## THE FLOWER SCULPTORS OF CHINA

denied the title of sculptor, which in the true sense of the word they are fully entitled to; for if any workers deserve this designation it is surely those Chinese men who worked the hardest known stones and gems into forms of imperishable beauty. ♡

The great value of the stones—Jadeite, Nephrite, Chalcedony, Rose Quartz, Rock Crystal, Agate and the like in which they worked—has perhaps been the means of diverting the attention of collectors and others from a right appreciation of these carvings to, instead, a study of the wonderful stones themselves with their intrinsic beauties. Were these sculptures to be reproduced even in modelling clay they would still remain objects for our unstinted admiration. ♡ ♡ ♡ ♡

It is the purpose of these notes only to dwell on the Chinese carvings of flowers and fruits in hard-stones and not to deal with the figures, vases and other objects used in ceremonies and for a thousand other purposes, which the jade workers of long past ages have bequeathed to posterity; nor are they concerned with the large carvings of softer stone and of wood which are generally implied by "Chinese Sculpture." ♡ ♡ ♡

Flowers are perhaps more deeply under-

stood and appreciated by the Chinese than by any other nation not excepting the Japanese, whose half humorous enthusiasm is so famous; but Korin, the great Japanese artist (well known in the West), approached his flower subjects in the same spirit as the Chinese sculptors—with a reverence akin to worship. These artists are no mere copyists reproducing petal by petal some particular bloom. Rather they seem to have sought the essence of the flower-type—which each blossom reveals in part and which the flowers of the whole tree reveal complete. Take for instance the magnolia carving shown in our first illustration; the piece is carved from a flawless block of white Jadeite—how perfect the simplification of the sheath-like petals characteristic of the flower! Many seasons must have passed, generations of magnolias blossomed and fallen while this nameless Chinese sculptor laboured with amazing concentration and infinite patience—shaping the jade with his ruby drill and diamond-sand and never relinquishing for a moment his original conception of a flower formed from a precious stone, which should present as a single bloom the symbol and essence of all magnolia flowers. ♡ ♡



JADE GOURD  
(Victoria and Albert  
Museum)





MAGNOLIA CARVED IN RED  
AND WHITE CARNELIAN  
(VICTORIA & ALBERT MUSEUM, COPE BEQUEST)

PEONY CARVED IN ROSE QUARTZ  
(COLLECTION OF MRS. GEORGE SHERINGHAM)





## THE FLOWER SCULPTORS OF CHINA



FLOWER PIECE IN BLUE  
CHALCEDONY  
(Victoria and Albert Museum,  
Florence Bequest)

In these days there is much talk of jade, the bright green variety of jadeite being the favourite in popular esteem in England and France, and certainly it has a rare and beautiful colour; but among those like the Chinese, who study jade in its great variety of colours and tones, it is not considered the most beautiful. The Chinese prefer—though it sounds somewhat paradoxical—every white jade that has a colour, and is of a size large enough to give the carver an opportunity of giving form to his ideal conceptions. Certainly of the carvings that reach this country it is not the bright green specimens that are the best as sculptures; it is generally the jade of other colours than the bright green that are the finer works of art. The high prices paid for small and often very poorly carved green pieces is due to mere fashion among wealthy ladies who regard these as “mascots” and becoming personal adornments. ■ ■ ■ ■ ■

The right appreciation of jades is not confined to the single sense of sight—to handle a piece of finely sculptured jade is a keen pleasure to those whose sense of touch is developed. Indeed some collector might do well to bequeath his collection of jade to the blind of St. Dunstan's instead of to one of the museums. This aspect of

artistic appreciation, however, is being disregarded more or less nowadays by our sculptors—for the surfaces of their work are often like scrap-iron, and by our painters who leave bristles in their paint!

*Resonant* jade gives out notes of peculiar beauty, and in China a connoisseur is accustomed to hang carved resonant stones in wooden frames, so that they can be struck like gongs or bells. ■ ■ ■

There is another quality about these hard-stone carvings which is subtly beautiful. Most people have fished up from little rock-pools what appear to be pieces of green or white jade or fragments of red agate only to find that they have secured a morsel of water-worn bottle-glass or homely red brick! Objects seen in clear water have an indefinable beauty and undoubtedly the Chinese hard-stone carvings in the quality of their surface give the peculiar beauty of things seen in a rock-pool or the bed of a clear stream; in fact as though seen through water. ■ ■

In the Salting, Cope and other collec-



DOUBLE STEM OF BAMBOO  
IN GREY GREEN JADE  
(Victoria and Albert Museum,  
Salting Bequest)

tions at the Victoria and Albert Museum numbers of jade and hard-stone carvings can be seen lighted and arranged with great skill and taste. Here can be studied the exquisite effect of carvings of two-coloured stones (as hard as jades) in which the skill of the Chinese sculptor is revealed at its best, for here he displays his ingenuity in utilizing the natural contrast of the colours of a stone—such as the red and white of the carnelian magnolia (here reproduced), the red and white of the famous Fishes carved in agate and many examples of flowers and fruits in parti-coloured jades and other equally precious stones—an ingenuity to which he does not seem to have sacrificed any of his inspiration.

GEORGE SHERINGHAM.

(The illustrations of objects in the Victoria and Albert Museum are from official copyright photographs supplied by the Museum for the purpose of the foregoing article.)



GOURD IN LIGHT GREEN JADE  
(Victoria and Albert Museum,  
Florence Bequest)

## THE DRAWINGS OF HENRY EDRLIDGE, A.R.A. BY FRANK GIBSON.

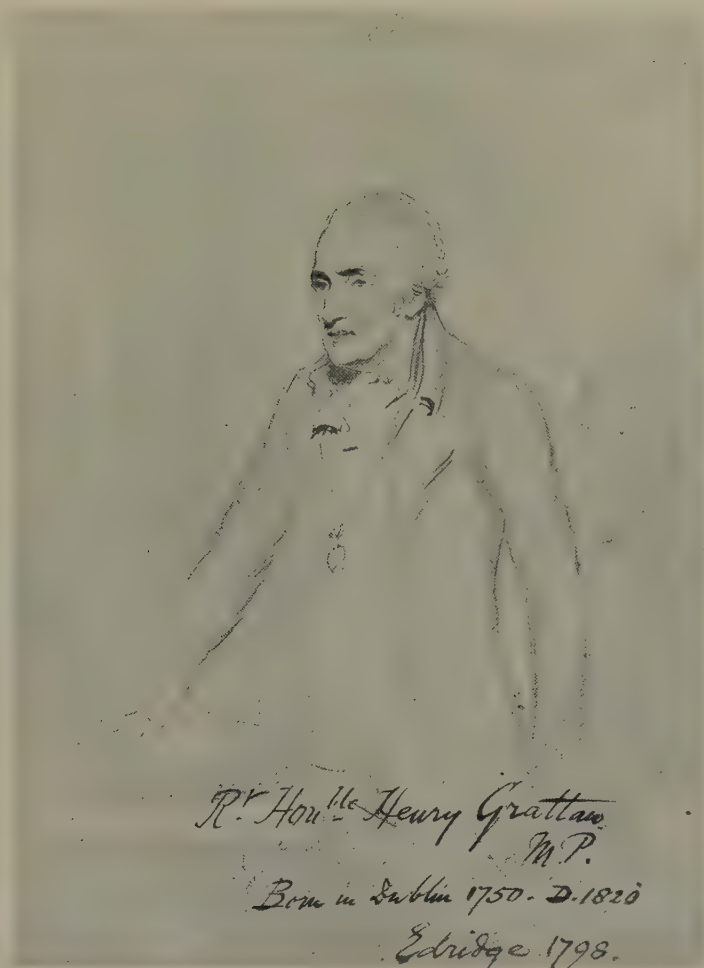
EDRLIDGE, an artist of the Early English Water-colour School, seems to have been rather forgotten of late years, quite undeservedly, for he was not only an excellent miniature artist but also a draughtsman with the lead pencil both in portraiture and landscape, particularly the latter.

Born in 1769, he had a very successful career as a miniaturist and portrait draughtsman, though at first he had intended to be an engraver. To acquire this art he was apprenticed to William Pether, the mezzotint engraver, who was also a landscape painter. Edridge then studied for a while under Sir Joshua Reynolds, who advised him to take up miniature painting, so he gave up the graver for the lead pencil and the brush. Success as a miniaturist and portrait draughtsman apparently came to him very quickly. His work, first exhibited at the Royal Academy in 1786, seems to have been welcomed there, for he was afterwards a frequent exhibitor. Sitters flocked to his studio and he became quite the fashion and drew truthful and delicate likenesses of celebrities and others. In 1803, when he drew portraits of King George the Third, Queen Charlotte, and many others of the Royal Family, he was at the height of his fame as a portraitist. He was at that time able to move from Margaret Street, where he lived, and set up a fine house, like Romney did, in Cavendish Square, where he died in 1821, quite a successful man in a worldly as well as an artistic sense.

Edridge was undoubtedly a master with the lead pencil. His portraits in this medium consist of whole or half-length figures most delicately drawn with precision and firmness on paper or cardboard. Their chief defect is that the pose of the sitters is often rather conventional. It is different, however, when the subject is one in which he was really interested. The three portrait drawings in Mr. Francis Wellesley's renowned and varied collection of portraits demonstrate the power and talent of Edridge in this



THE DRAWINGS OF HENRY EDRIDGE, A.R.A.



PORTRAIT OF HENRY GRATTAN  
FROM A LEAD PENCIL DRAWING  
BY HENRY EDRIDGE, A.R.A.  
(Francis Wellesley Collection)

branch of art. His representation of Henry Grattan, the most splendid figure of the old Irish Parliament, displays his interest in the man. As shown in the reproduction, he is in the act of addressing the House. With his right hand on the table and with an air of earnestness, he harangues his fellow members. The face of the orator is searchingly drawn and modelled with the pencil point, the lips and cheeks being faintly touched with red chalk. This drawing has all the spontaneity of a sketch. Another of the drawings in the Wellesley collection is a portrait of Queen Charlotte, a good

example of Edridge's portrait draughtsmanship. She stands, a tall, dignified woman, beside the conventional pillar and curtain on a terrace, a woody landscape forming the background. Her figure is well posed with naturalness and ease, and is drawn and modelled throughout with the lead pencil and black chalk, slightly reinforced with water-colour in detail, as in the cloudy sky, while her veil and black dress and parts of the scarf are tinted a blackish grey. The face is treated like a miniature, yet not niggled, for it has breadth and expression. The flesh colour and light blue eyes are pure

## THE DRAWINGS OF HENRY EDRIDGE, A.R.A.



"NOTRE DAME, PARIS."  
LEAD PENCIL DRAWING BY  
HENRY EDRIDGE, A.R.A.  
(Collection of Thos. Girtin, Esq.)

water-colour, the modelling above being delicately given with black chalk. Altogether it is an unusually good example of the artist's accomplished and skilled work in this way. The portrait of Lady Malmesbury, in the Wellesley collection, is full of quiet charm and spontaneity. She looks up from her work-table, needle in hand, with an air of expectancy to some visitor, whom the dog, seated by her side on the settee, also greets, but with an unfriendly look. The whole is beautifully and simply drawn with science, yet with feeling and a pure and simple draughtsmanship which reminds one of Ingres. ■ ■ ■ ■ ■

The British Museum has a good many of Edridge's little portraits. These are valuable historically as well as pictorially, for among them are portraits of many of his fellow artists, namely, Girtin, Thomas Hearne, Nollekens, Bartolozzi, Stothard, and others. They are mostly drawn in pencil, and the students of this branch of Edridge's art can see and study them for themselves. ■ ■ ■ ■ ■

Most of the early English water-colourists were naturally expert enough in using the lead pencil because they employed it so much; not only by itself but as a foundation for their water-colour drawings. Amongst them no one was a greater master of the instrument than Edridge. Even Turner never surpassed him in this respect; he used it principally for rapid memoranda or slight sketches. Edridge, on the other hand, did not regard his pencil drawings as sketches for more elaborate drawings such as many artists, like Prout, for example, executed. Edridge worked more like Rembrandt in this respect. Indeed, a drawing of Abbeville, which belongs to Mr. Girtin, shows him working in Rembrandt's customary method with the pen and bistre wash. There the pen gives the structural form of the architecture with singular sensitiveness and expression, and the wash renders with subtle gradations the masses of shadow of the cathedral's towers. An example of how Edridge could pictorially express a similar



## THE DRAWINGS OF HENRY EDRIDGE, A.R.A.



"THE SCHOOLS, OXFORD, FROM HERTFORD COLLEGE GATE." LEAD PENCIL  
DRAWING BY HENRY EDRIDGE, A.R.A.  
(Collection of Edward Marsh, Esq., C.M.G.)

architectural subject with pure pencil outline is his drawing of the *Tour de la Grosse Horloge at Evreux*, which is in the British Museum. The drawing, here reproduced, of *Notre Dame*, which also belongs to Mr. Girtin, and was no doubt executed by the artist during a visit he paid to France some four years before his death in 1821, is likewise a masterpiece in pencil work. There the richness of the architecture of the twin towers is beautifully suggested. A *View of Taunton* and *Pomeroy Church* are other drawings in Mr. Girtin's collection which point to another accomplishment which Edridge possessed, namely, his skill in drawing trees. His rendering of the yew tree in the latter drawing and his many sketches of woodlands show that he studied the character of trees carefully and had a true feeling for the beauty of their growth. Mr. Girtin

possesses a charming study of an orchard with a house beyond, in which Edridge has drawn the old trees with a pen and added washes of colour which produce a quiet and harmonious effect, the pale greens and greys of the trees contrasting agreeably with the red brick house.

Edridge evidently enjoyed the study of landscape and perhaps took it up as a recreation from his portrait work. It is said that he acquired his taste for it after studying the work of Thomas Hearne, which he probably saw in the collection of his friend Dr. Munro. If he did, he chose a very good master, and his progress as a landscapist, more especially with the lead pencil, steadily continued up to the time of his death. From careful and delicate work his landscape drawings developed in vision and breadth of handling. Mr. Edward Marsh possesses a fine drawing, *The Schools, Oxford, from*



"THE MARKET PLACE, ROUEN"  
LEAD PENCIL DRAWING BY  
HENRY EDRIDGE, A.R.A.  
(Collection of Thos. Girtin, Esq.)

*the Gate of Hertford College*, reproduced. Dated 1820, it well exemplifies the artist's fine feeling for atmosphere, and the effect of calm sunlight and its play on old buildings and figures is wonderfully expressed by such a simple instrument as the black lead pencil. ■ ■ ■

When it is considered that Henry Edridge was a good portraitist, and that he excelled still more as a landscape draughtsman, it must be acknowledged that he was an artist of rare and varied gifts, and is worthy of more respect and reputation than he has yet received. ■

## STUDIO TALK.

(From our own Correspondents.)

LONDON.—The Wallace Collection with its priceless treasures has now been reopened after a long interval, during part of which Hertford House was occupied by the Ministry of Munitions. The building was vacated by the Ministry some time ago, but the reopening was delayed in order that the process of fire-proofing the building, begun before the War, might be completed, and in addition to this work the rooms have been re-





PEN DRAWING FOR A TITLE  
PAGE. BY S. M. LITTEN

decorated. Three of the galleries (XIV.-XVI.) and two armouries still remain temporarily closed, but as a set-off there are four new galleries. The hours of admission have been made uniform for the whole year—week days 10 to 5, and Sundays 2 to 5; on Tuesdays and Fridays a fee of sixpence will be charged. Guide lecturers have been appointed, and the catalogues have been brought up to date.

Mr. S. M. Litten is one of the artists who have recently given us yet another technique to add to the already long list; and once again we foresee that those learned professors who assure us that there is a right and a wrong way

to handle the pen, ignoring the fact that in the case of this implement, like that of the etching needle, the methods of use are almost infinite, will have to give place to the youthful spirit that will not be denied. The examples of his work here reproduced show us his imaginative vision, and also how admirably his technical accomplishment can express his very personal outlook. We shall look forward with interest to the future developments of his art. Mr. Litten, like many others, is working now with that enthusiasm natural to one who has, without doubt, gladly given some of his best years of youth to military service. ▯



## STUDIO-TALK



PEN DRAWING  
BY S. M. LITTEN

The Professional Classes War Relief Council, whose headquarters are now at 251, Brompton Road, has decided upon a scheme of re-construction in order to become a permanent body for dealing with post-war distress among professional men and women and others of the more highly educated classes. This action was cordially endorsed at a conference of representatives of professional institutions held recently under the presidency of Lord Phillimore, and a resolution was adopted urging all bodies in touch with the professional classes to recognise the Council and to avail themselves of its services when likely to be of use. ♣

A statement was made in more than one newspaper some time ago that, consequent on a change of proprietorship which had recently taken place, the Grafton Galleries would cease to be available for art exhibitions after the close of this year. We are glad to learn that this statement does not represent the

intentions of the new proprietor, and that these commodious and well-lighted rooms will continue to be available for the display of works of art. ♣ ♣ ♣

Rarely, if ever, have these galleries contained such a large assemblage of exhibits as they did in October, when the work of students of the John Hassall Correspondence Art School occupied every inch of wall space. Drawings and paintings of every imaginable kind were displayed, and some really clever work could be seen amongst them; but the chief interest of the exhibition was the collection of poster designs, many of which compelled attention by their qualities of colour and arrangement. ♣ ♣ ♣

All the Royal Societies which hold exhibitions in the last quarter of the year have been or are carrying out their customary fixtures at the usual places—the Old Water-Colour Society in Pall Mall East, the British Artists in Suffolk Street, the Institute of Oil Painters at the Prince's Gallery, and the Portrait Painters and Miniature Painters at the Grafton—and

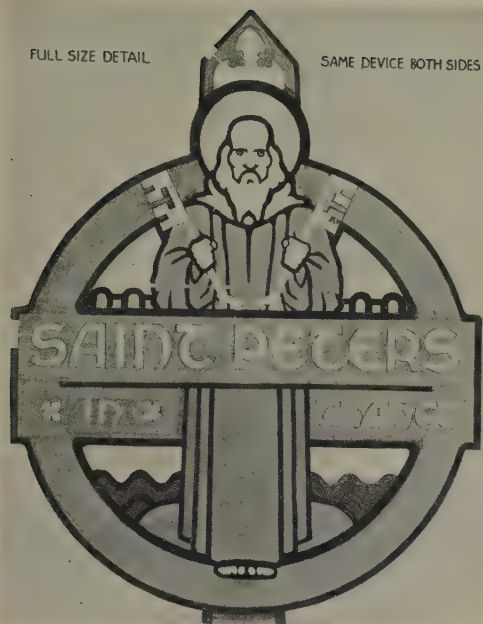


PEN DRAWING  
BY S. M. LITTEN



FULL SIZE DETAIL

SAME DEVICE BOTH SIDES



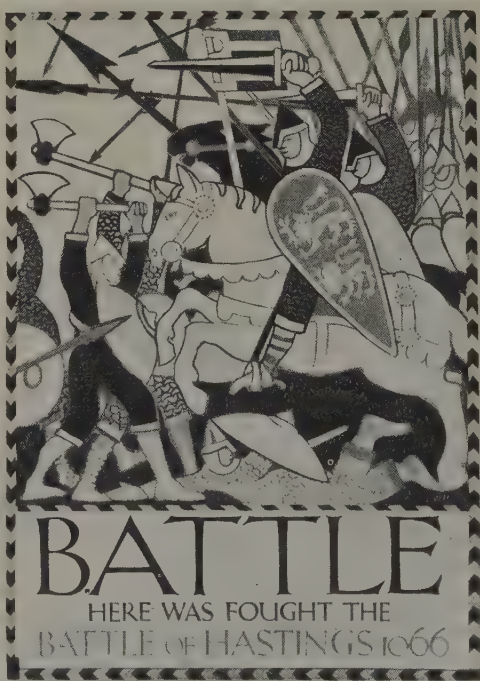
DESIGN AWARDED FIRST PRIZE  
IN "DAILY MAIL" VILLAGE  
SIGNS COMPETITION. BY  
PERCY G. MATTHEWS

while there is little of a novel character to be recorded in their respective displays it is gratifying to find the standards associated with these bodies well maintained—and in the case of the British Artists even exceeded. The newly formed Society of Wood Engravers to which we briefly referred last month has just been holding its first exhibition at the Chenil Gallery, Chelsea, and we hope to say more about this group on another occasion. The members of the group follow exclusively the traditional European technique, whether they cut with a knife on the plank, or engrave with a burin on the end of the boxwood block, and their methods, distinguished from those of the Far East, which also have a considerable vogue in this country, by the fact that prints are obtained by means of the printing press, admit of greater scope from the point of view of book production as well as for decorative purposes.

The first exhibition of the Society of Graphic Art, likewise a new formation but embracing all the various forms of black-and-white art, is to take place at the R.B.A. Galleries in Suffolk Street, Pall

Mall, in January. Mr. Frank Brangwyn, R.A., is the president of this Society.

We illustrate on this page two of the designs which won prizes in the *Daily Mail* Village Signs Competition. The first prize was no less than one thousand pounds, a huge sum certainly for a design of this kind and one which might well make many a Royal Academician envious of the winner. The competition was the outcome of an observation made by H.R.H. the Duke of York in the course of his speech at the annual banquet of the Royal Academy in May last, when he suggested a revival of "that neglected branch of art which in olden times provided signs and emblems for the decoration of our villages," and to judge by the large number of good designs which figured in the exhibition at Messrs. Selfridge's, organised by the promoters, it was a great success. Sir Aston Webb, P.R.A., and Mr. Brangwyn, R.A., in their award, spoke with admiration of the



DESIGN AWARDED THIRD PRIZE  
IN "DAILY MAIL" VILLAGE  
SIGNS COMPETITION  
BY DOROTHY HUTTON

## STUDIO-TALK

great amount of beautiful work submitted, "showing much care, thought and invention, combined with excellent colour and craftsmanship." ❖ ❖ ❖ ❖

What one would like to see is a real and concerted effort to impart a more cheerful aspect to our large towns. A writer in *The Times* not long ago called attention to the external painting of houses in the West End then in progress as usual after the end of the London season, and noted how rarely any attempt was made to depart from a more or less conventional range of colours. The colours most in favour are those which are commonly described as "neutral"—that is, neither one thing nor the other, and only occasionally are they relieved by a lively patch of bright colour—red, green or blue on the front door or elsewhere. No doubt London smoke has had much to do with the choice of tints for the outsides of houses in the Metropolis but London is now by no means the smoky town it was thirty years ago, when really "black fogs" turned day into night in November, and it would be all the better if a little less timidity were shown in the external decoration of houses. Mr. Kemp Prossor's experiments in internal decoration might well be emulated externally, for any movement which is productive of cheerfulness is a matter of social importance. ❖ ❖ ❖ ❖

The Dorien Leigh Gallery, located until recently in Bruton Street, has now been transferred to South Kensington (Millais House, Cromwell Place), where an interesting Christmas exhibition of dolls and silhouettes is being held. We reproduce one of the dolls made of coloured paper, which are very attractive as decorations, and also (p. 193) two extraordinarily fine silhouettes cut out of paper by Miss Zamboni. It is difficult to imagine that scissors or any other cutting implement could produce such delicate work as that which we find in these two examples. ❖ ❖ ❖ ❖

The two needlework panels which we reproduce in colours have been selected from a number of interesting examples of direct designing with the needle by pupils of Milton Mount College, near Crawley. Miss Cockburn, their instructor, tells us that this work grew out of design

lessons given to the lowest forms, children from 10 to 13 in age—lessons intended to arouse their interest in the broad principles of design as they can be seen in nature. Their attention was called to the beautiful pattern made by woods and forests, with the upright lines of tree trunks often repeated with variations, to the billowing rhythmic masses of foliage above, and to the short growth or long flat lines on the ground giving a base for it all. They were asked to paint a flower border direct with the brush, bringing in any animal or creature which might be found there, and using any colours they liked, concerned only to fill the space completely and to paint so delicately and accurately that each flower should be recognized, while keeping in mind Nature's fine laws of design. The zest and enthusiasm with which they entered into the subject



PAPER DOLL. FROM AN EXHIBITION OF DOLLS AND SILHOUETTES AT THE DORIEN LEIGH GALLERY SOUTH KENSINGTON





"SUMMER." NEEDLEWORK PANEL  
DESIGNED DIRECT AND WORKED  
IN SILK BY KATHLEEN H. MAGGS,  
AGED 16, PUPIL OF MILTON MOUNT  
COLLEGE



CUSHION COVER CENTRE DESIGNED  
DIRECT AND WORKED IN WOOL BY  
ISABEL M. GALE, AGED 11, PUPIL OF  
MILTON MOUNT COLLEGE







suggested that they might carry this further by designing direct with the needle and thus tackling the technical difficulties of the craft as they arose in the effort to express in suitable stitches the subtleties and differences of the forms visualized. Each child was given a strip of holland and a plait of coloured cottons of various shades. The work was done mostly in odd leisure moments, and in a few weeks some beautiful pieces of work were finished, the best of them being quite astonishing. The next year a rather more difficult subject was chosen—wild flowers so arranged as to fill an upright oblong suitable for the cover for a book on wild flowers. By this time the bigger girls had become interested in the work and at the present time throughout the school there are girls of all ages who enter with keenness upon the task of illustrating direct with the needle such subjects as the Seasons, a cottage garden, a bank of wild flowers, etc., birds or animals often being brought into the designs. Some are now working out in this way designs illustrating the stories of the Round Table, or fairy stories. This work is a striking example of what can be done by childhood with its direct vision and unhesitating expression of it, where many older people would fail through confusion of purpose and timidity in execution. ■ ■ ■

At the gallery of the British Institute of Industrial Art in Knightsbridge last month an exhibition of exceptional interest was opened under the ægis of the Save the Children Fund. Exhibits were shown from Serbia, Czecho-Slovakia and other stricken lands whose children this fund is helping; but the *pièce de resistance* was a collection of drawings and designs by children of Professor Čížek's classes at the Vienna School of Arts and Crafts. Many wonderful examples were shown, illustrating exceptional æsthetic and creative ability on the part of children whose ages range from ten to fourteen. Concerning these Mr. John Cournos, who recently visited Vienna on behalf of the Fund, writes as follows:— ■ ■ ■

"The really astonishing thing about these drawings is their high average merit which, in a large collection like

this, makes it difficult to point to the work of this or that child as the work of a prodigy. The sense of sophistication in the matter of technique cannot be explained except as a measure of Viennese old culture, ingrained in the race through ages of æsthetic practice. Not that this sophistication is unaccompanied by imaginative qualities essentially child-like. Professor Čížek himself points out the interesting fact, not unknown to artists and keen experts on child education, that children of ten, that is beginners, are almost invariably more original in imagination and stronger, if you like, in their art productions than when they get older; the common rule is that such work decreases in strength and imagination in proportion as it becomes technically perfect. Professor Čížek's genius as an art instructor consists in his realisation of the value of these youthful qualities,



WOOD ENGRAVING BY GERTRUD BRAUSEWETTER, AGED 13, PUPIL OF PROF. ČÍŽEK, VIENNA ARTS AND CRAFTS SCHOOL (Exhibited at British Inst. of Industrial Art in aid of "Save the Children" Fund)

## STUDIO-TALK



FROM LINOLEUM ENGRAVINGS BY MARGARET HANUS (LEFT), AGED 14, AND ELLY STOI, (RIGHT) AGED 13, PUPILS OF PROF. ČIZEK VIENNA ARTS AND CRAFTS SCHOOL

which he does his best to encourage by fostering self-reliance in his pupils and by not holding up a formula of his own

for them to follow. He teaches observation, rather than art, since art, strictly speaking, cannot be taught, but can be



FROM A LINOLEUM ENGRAVING BY WALTER BARWIG, AGED 14 PUPIL OF PROFESSOR ČIZEK VIENNA ARTS AND CRAFTS SCHOOL (Exhibited at British Institute of Industrial Art in aid of "Save the Children" Fund)





CUT-PAPER SILHOUETTES  
BY MISS ZAMBONI  
(Dorien Leigh Gallery, South Kensington)



PENDANT AND PERFUME  
FLASKS IN IVORY AND  
GOLD. BY CLEMENT MÈRE

drawn out of each individual child; made to flourish in much the same way as a flower, starting from a seed that is properly taken care of, breaks through the earth and bursts into bloom. And the talent of one child as compared with that of another is, in its seed, as different as the rose is from the violet, the carnation from the poppy. If the inevitable question is asked as to why so little of this multiple talent develops into genius, the answer as inevitably must come that we have to deal here not with individual but national genius; to be more precise, national taste, a common love of beautiful things. Only in this way can it be ex-

plained why in spite of lamentable food conditions the Vienna Opera continues to flourish; the Municipal Theatre to present plays by Goethe, Grillparzer and Shakespeare; the popular cafés to render excellent music for patrons who are content to listen while sipping a wretched milkless fluid wrongly called 'coffee.' "

PARIS. — Among French decorative artists of the present day, M. Clément Mère is perhaps the only one whose creations bear the mark of a sensibility at once so original, so personal and so exquisitely refined as to place beyond the range of comparison with any other. His





IVORY PLAQUETTE FOR THE PANEL  
OF A JEWEL CASE. BY CLÉMENT MÈRE



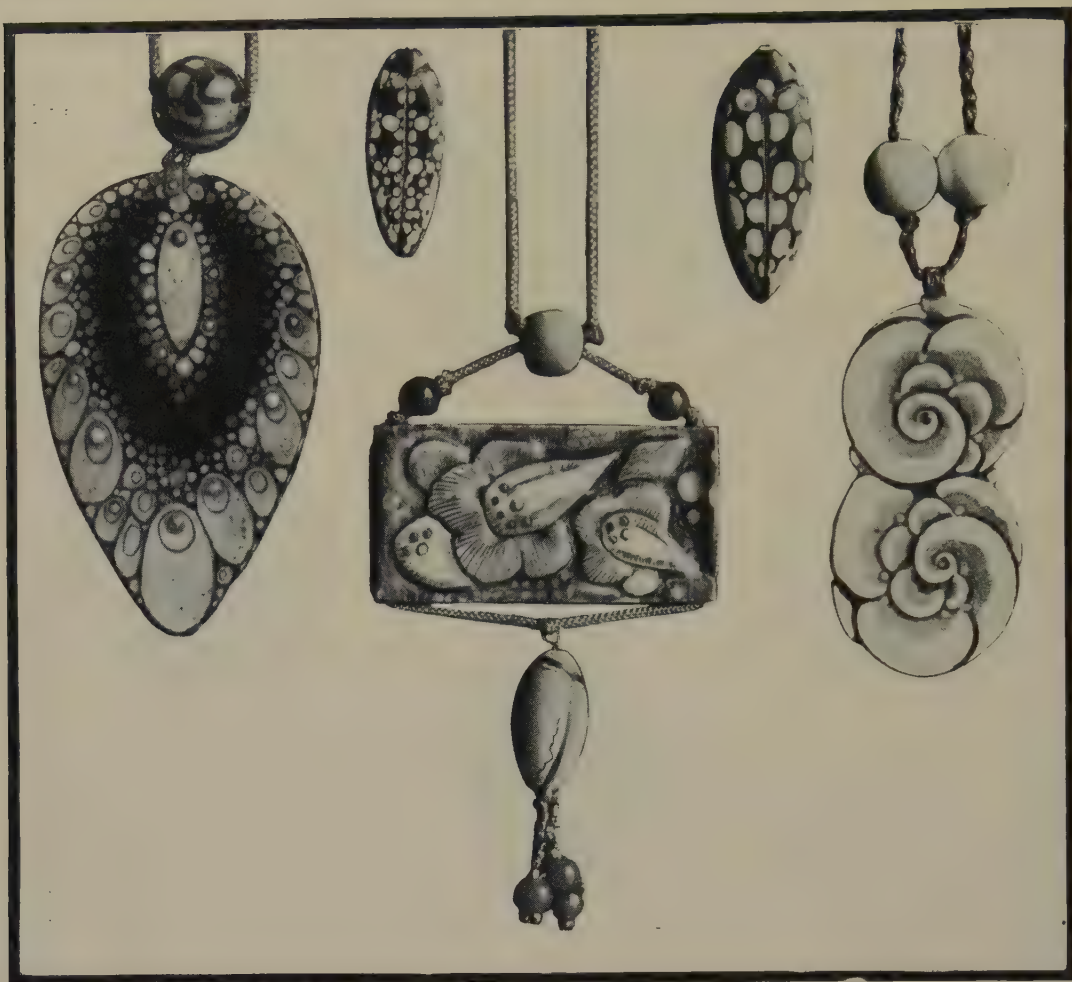




BROOCH AND PENDANTS IN IVORY  
AND GOLD. BY CLEMENT MÈRE

imagination is as brilliant as it is fertile, and his inventive resources are inexhaustible. He possesses an abundant fantasy and an equally ample sense of colour. How is one to describe his works—what idea of their remarkable diversity can be communicated by words? These boxes, these bonbonnières, these umbrella handles, these buttons, brooches, bracelets and pendants, these little perfume flasks, these fans and card cases, these bags and reticules, and these little jewel cases—one knows very well no doubt of what they are made (for M. Mère has too much respect for the materials he

employs to subject them to transformations which are incompatible with their intrinsic possibilities), and one can see clearly enough that they are made of ivory, of wood, of leather, of silk, but what is truly astonishing is the kind of effect which he succeeds in extracting from these substances; they are veritable artistic triumphs which he achieves, surpassing in a singular manner, alike by their technical perfection and by their novelty, their charm and their exquisiteness the most accomplished work of a similar nature. Thus, with a small piece of wood or ivory, or a rectangular fragment of leather or silk,



PENDANTS AND BROOCHES IN  
IVORY. BY CLEMENT MÈRE

M. Mère contrives to create a precious *biblot* which gives real delight to both eye and mind. And this is because the artist is endowed with an infinitely delicate and rare sensitiveness and with a power of suggestion which is quite exceptional.

M. Mère's aim is indeed not to reproduce reality—the reality, for example, of a butterfly, a fruit, a flower or an insect; he suggests it in the same way as a poet who by making use of a few well-chosen words, or a new or unforeseen combination of verbal tones, composes new and moving harmonies. M. Mère is a symbolist in the best sense of the term.

What, moreover, and above all gives a

particular value to the works of M. Mère is the magnificence, the sumptuousness, the refinement of the colours with which they are embellished. His palette is infinitely rich and varied, infinitely subtle and precious, and one cannot help feeling that he must experience a profound joy in playing with it just as a violinist does with his instrument. And let me further remark that his productions always have the appearance of being as it were improvised, and yet they are carried out with an extraordinary precision and regard for minute details. What I mean is that notwithstanding the exercise of a perfect craftsmanship he never loses his freshness



of inspiration, his emotional spontaneity—that the bloom of his sensations shows no sign whatever of fading while he is at work distilling the perfume from it. M. Mère is indeed in all respects an exquisite, subtle, profound and very original artist. G. M.

NEW YORK.—Mrs. Lum's work has twice been reviewed in *THE STUDIO*, and readers will remember the way in which this gifted American gravitated naturally to Japan where she mastered the technique of her medium under local instructors from the cutting of blocks to the "pulling" of prints. Finally she outstripped her masters and evolved an art of her own—no servile imitation but a refflorescence blooming upon a well-nigh withered stock. Her sure and rhythmic lines, her elimination of all unnecessary details, her pure colour and poetical charm of treatment have elicited the highest praise from Japanese critics

who hail her as a western revivor of the glories of Hiroshige and Hokusai, and it is noteworthy that at the Tokyo Exhibition of 1911 the only colour prints shown were those of Mrs. Lum. ■ ■ ■

There have been other foreign artists who have done good work along similar lines, but hers possesses a subjective element which raises it to a plane of pre-eminence. Not that she despises little every-day scenes—far from it—for she seizes upon familiar subjects and endows them with a strange and haunting beauty. The forces of nature make themselves felt. The wind really blows, trees bend, and one can almost hear them groan—the rain lashes or the sun shines upon wet and glistening streets. But perhaps she is most happy in her interpretation of those beautiful Chinese legends, which adapted by the Japanese, have been made known to the Anglo-Saxon reader through the jewelled prose of Lafcadio Hearn.



"THE PIPER." BY  
BERTHA LUM  
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"THE LAND OF THE BLUE  
BIRD." BY BERTHA LUM





"THE SPIRIT OF THE SEA."  
BY BERTHA LUM.





Especially successful is the one in which Tana-Bata, the Weaving Goddess, is seen passing over the Milky Way by means of a bridge of birds—a swaying figure in the purple night, her scarf caught up rhythmically by the breeze, the yellow light of her lantern reflected in the swirling water below. In *The Blue Bird* and *The Piper*, of which reproductions are here given, we find that though the general treatment suggests the Orient, the children and fairies are undoubtedly of the Occident. Hand in hand with them and with *The Spirit of the Sea*, who gazes wistfully at the bubble of foam fallen from the curling sprite-haunted wave, we may enter a magic world to which Mrs. Lum possesses a key. C. E.

One of the most gifted interior decorators in America, Mrs. Ruby Ross Goodnow, is mainly responsible for the creation of "Belmaison," a house of beauty, built as an integral part of the Wanamaker Stores in New York. "Belmaison" is in no sense a model house, but a house of ideas and inspiration. No two of its twelve rooms are alike. Each expresses a distinct thought and purpose. A charmingly refreshing room is the nursery. This room is built like a circus tent, with a striped yellow and white canvas ceiling, upheld by a blue and red striped pole. The floor is green carpet with a large red circle inset, which gives the children a definite circle around which they may dance the Maypole dance or play their games. The four corners of the room are fitted with the gayest of cupboards built with glass doors, and made to hold books and toys and dolls. The walls are decorated with bright panels (painted by Mr. Paul Thevenaz), representing the wonders of the world. One of them, most vividly drawn, shows a bold seafaring man in the centre contemplating their splendour; everything is there—the pagodas of China, the skyscrapers of New York, darkest Africa, and the Eskimo with his sled dogs. Another panel, equally gay, shows the hunter and his guide and around them the animals of the forest. The third panel represents a charming lady, surrounded by her flowers, and a fourth (reproduced) shows birds of various species with gay coloured plumage. There are seven panels in all; each gay and amusing. H.

## REVIEWS.

*A Catalogue of Etchings by Augustus John, 1901-1914.* By CAMPBELL DODGSON. (London: Charles Chenil & Co., Ltd.) It is given to very few artists to attain celebrity so early in life as Mr. Augustus John. Born in 1879, he was by 1901, as Mr. Dodgson remarks in his introduction to this catalogue, "already an artist of considerable achievement, as well as of the highest promise," and there are few who would deny that that promise has been amply fulfilled in the intervening nineteen years. The secret of his success has, of course, been that wonderful talent for draughtsmanship which was manifested when he was a student at the Slade School



DECORATIVE PANEL FOR THE  
NURSERY OF "BELMAISON"  
(WANAMAKER STORE, NEW YORK)  
PAINTED BY PAUL THEVENAZ

## REVIEWS

and is abundantly exemplified in the long series of etchings reproduced in this catalogue. This series, comprising 134 plates, includes every etching by the artist of which a proof is known to exist, considerably more than half of these were etched prior to 1906; while the latest essay is the artist's portrait of himself which, executed quite recently, appears as a half-tone frontispiece to the catalogue and is here reproduced by courtesy of the publishers. The lack of certainty as to dates has dictated an other than chronological classification, and so without much turning over of pages it is not easy to study the artist's progress as an etcher, but the grouping according to subject has advantages of its own. Mr. Dodgson's judgment on the work as a whole is marked by candour and entire impartiality. After discussing some of the leading traits which distinguish these etchings and criticising unfavourably certain of them, especially those composed of groups of figures, he concludes that it is "by the vivid insight, and skill of hand as well as eye, with which he records some being that he has actually seen, be it a pony grazing on Dartmoor, or a *Romani Chai* with arms akimbo, a country girl, a village idiot, a dramatist, a sculptor, a model posed for the nude, a girl whose eyes have bewitched him for a moment, or a woman whom he has loved," that the art of Augustus John will live. ■ ■ ■

*On Making and Collecting Etchings.* Written by members of the Print Society and edited by E. HESKETH HUBBARD, A.R.W.A. (London: Morland Press; Ringwood: the Print Society.)—The aim of Mr. Hubbard and his collaborators has been to produce a book that shall be of real practical value to students of the art of etching and also to collectors, and this aim is amply fulfilled in the volume before us. The various papers contributed by Mr. E. W. Charlton, Mr. Percy Smith, Miss Stella Langdale, Mr. Hugh Paton and Mr. Reginald Green on the processes of etching, dry point, aquatint, soft ground, mezzotint, etc., are admirably clear and cannot but prove very helpful to beginners, and especially to those who have to gain experience without the aid of an instructor. The value of etchings

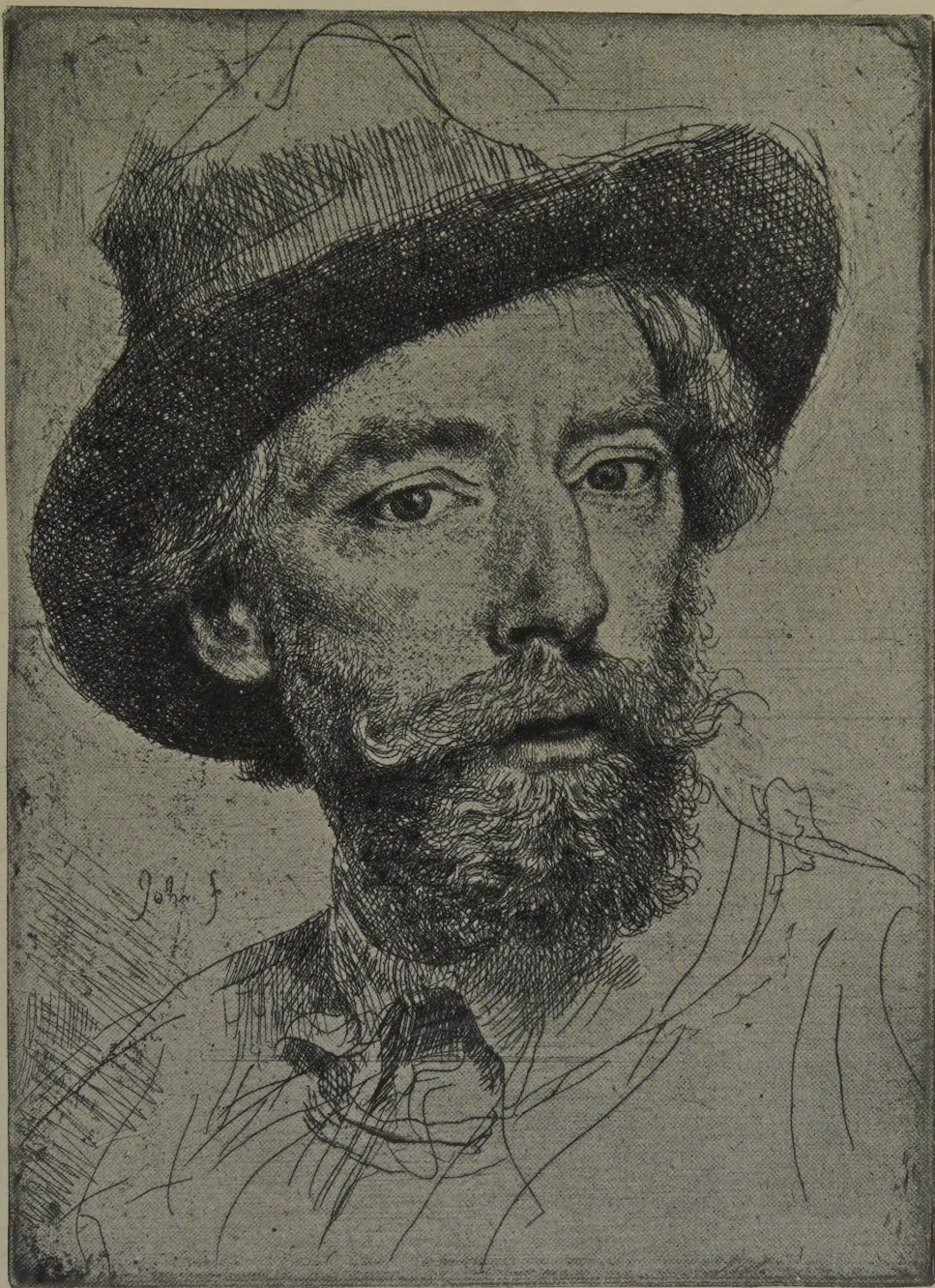
from a decorative point of view is ably discussed by Mr. Leslie Ward, and Mr. Hubbard, besides giving some useful hints on collecting and storing prints, has compiled an excellent analytic bibliography of publications in English. The illustrations include a proof etching by Mr. Henderson and a glass paper proof by Mr. Paton, and numerous clearly drawn diagrams of tools and implements are added. The volume as a whole is an admirable example of high-class book production. ■ ■ ■ ■ ■

*The Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam.* Illustrated by RONALD BALFOUR. (London: Constable & Co.)—Most of the numerous illustrations to this attractive edition of the *Rubaiyat* as rendered by Fitzgerald are pen drawings of the type which made Beardsley famous and attracted many disciples in many countries. But while they reveal a generic kinship with this master's bewitching draughtsmanship, Mr. Balfour's black-and-white drawings have qualities of their own for which full



"ROMANI CHAI" (FIRST STATE)  
ETCHING BY AUGUSTUS JOHN  
(From Mr. Campbell Dodgson's  
"Catalogue of Etchings by Augustus John," Chenil & Co.)





*A. John*

PORTRAIT OF THE ARTIST  
(1920). BY AUGUSTUS JOHN  
(From Mr. Campbell Dodgson's "Catalogue of  
Etchings by Augustus John," Chenil & Co.)



## REVIEWS



DOUBLE-PAGE ILLUSTRATION BY ARTHUR RACKHAM TO "THE SLEEPING BEAUTY" (WM. HEINEMANN)

credit should be given, and he is particularly happy in imparting vivacity to them with a well-placed touch or two of colour. His feeling for colour is particularly evident in the six illustrations executed wholly in colour. The text is printed on stout paper of a light brown tint, and the same paper serves as mounts for the illustrations.

*Bengal Fairy Tales.* By F. B. BRADLEY-BIRT. Illustrated by ABANINDRANATH TAGORE. (John Lane.)—*The Sleeping Beauty.* Re-told by C. S. EVANS, and illustrated by ARTHUR RACKHAM. (Heinemann.)—*Irish Fairy Tales.* By JAMES STEPHENS. Illustrated by ARTHUR RACKHAM. (Macmillan.)—*Hansel and Grethel and Other Tales and Snowdrop and Other Tales.* By the Brothers GRIMM. Illustrated by ARTHUR RACKHAM. (Constable & Co.)—*Polish Fairy Tales.* Translated by MAUDE ASHURST BIGGS. Illustrated by CECILE WALTON. (John Lane.)—With the exception of two—the selections from Grimm's Tales which are reprints from the rather unwieldy complete edition with Mr. Rackham's illustrations previously published—all these books are new this season and they are all very attractively illustrated. The really ideal illustrator of this kind of literature is, of course, the artist who is himself a product

of the land which has given birth to it, and from this point of view the book illustrated by Mr. Tagore is of special interest. Mr. Rackham's drawings in "The Sleeping Beauty" are of the silhouette type which he has latterly adopted with such good results, and in some a little colour is introduced with pleasing effect, while in the Irish book his drawings are of much the same character as his earlier work. Though some of the stories as told by Mr. Stephens appear to be more in the nature of historic legends rather than fairy tales, the collection provides good reading in which humour of a subtle kind abounds. The Polish stories are selected from Gliniski's collection published in 1863, and the vivacious illustrations by Cecile Walton show a conscientious striving to interpret these unfamiliar themes.

*The Miniature Collector* by Dr. G. C. Williamson is a recent addition to the "Collectors' Series," edited by Mr. H. W. LEWER, F.S.A., and published by Herbert Jenkins, Ltd., and is replete with information about all the leading and many of the minor painters of portrait miniatures. The volume is abundantly illustrated and an appendix gives for the first time a complete list of the many hundreds of persons who sat to William Wood (1768-1809).







PORTRAIT OF A LADY OF  
THE DE PALAVICINO FAMILY.  
FROM THE PAINTING BY JUAN  
PANTOJA DE LA CRUZ.  
(COLLECTION OF ARTHUR JAMES, ESQ.)